

JUN 21
007

&

LUXURY PERIODICAL
HOUNDSTOOTH EDITION

!UNLIMITED
HANGOUTS!

YOU'RE MAKING A GRAVE ERROR
PLEASE RECONSIDER

WINNER
OF THE
PULITZER
PRIZE

PROFILES

GONZO HISTORY FROM THE
FRONTLINES OF SOME DUMB SCENE

GRAMMAR NAZIS GET THE ROPE

(YOU)

by Anonymous

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Draft Dodger Pin-Up

Outhouse Orator

Byzantine Sergeant

Careworn Castaway

Ladyboy In Waiting

Dancehall Luminary

Public Masturbator

Juvenile Delinquent

Banana Bread Saint

Foreplay Legislator

Irie Bambaclat Elite

Tapestry Geoengineer

Bedouin Tribal Chief

Witness to the Crime

Unlicensed Practitioner

Sunday School Dominatrix

Nonverbal Communicator

Abstract Mural Defacer

Headstone Telemarketer

Florentine Dinner Date

Fairweather Filmmaker

Pollywog Pictographer

Opportunist Cherrypicker

Online Content Censor

Holiday Turkey Carver

Guillotine Velocimancer

Precocious Buccaneer

Choirboy Bruiser Heavy

Juice Monkey Bandit

Singsong Merrymaker

Poverty Gammatester

Riptide Sojourner

Reputable Primary

Suicide Statistic

Plasma Generator

Omelette Copycat

Good Motherfucker

Boondock Pansy

Coastal Raider

Anxious Baller

Coomer in Arms

Shoegaze Bitch

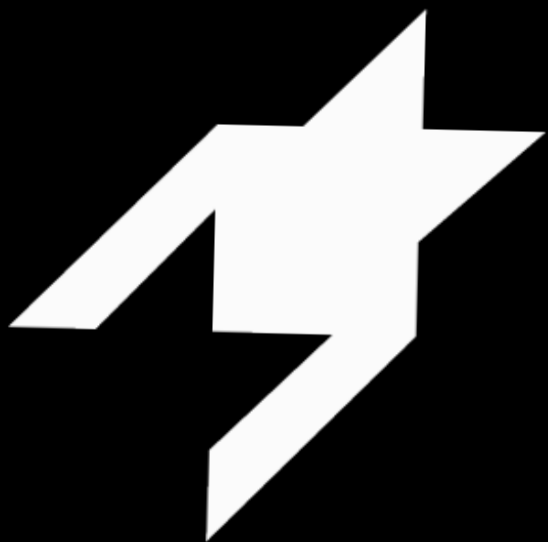
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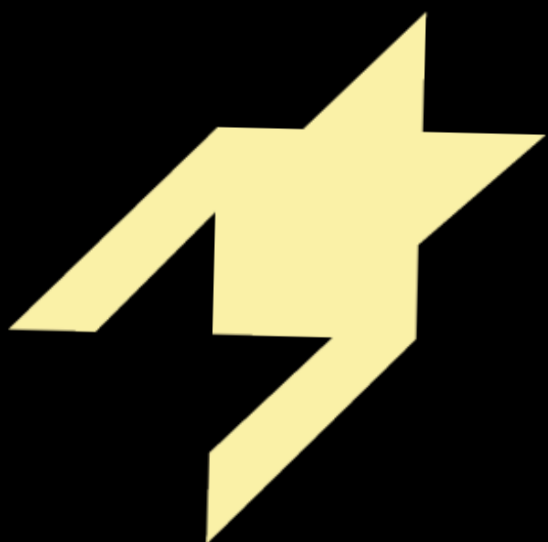
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MANX POKEMON FORUMS_FEATURES_PCO_COVERS_

&
Issue Seven





THE SPEED OF ICE

The sun has gone out. I thought it would take a bit longer, a few million years, but sure enough the sun has gone out. They shouted it through every possible platform and medium: the phone rang, the TV was interrupted, the tornado sirens spun round and round. The world swelled with unsettling sounds everywhere, all at the same time. Accurate maps could be made by measuring the fear and panic throughout the earth: cities all becoming steep mountains, pillars set for collapse, and desolate towns becoming bumps, pimples, warts to be frozen off first when the light stops. It's still bright out now. The last of the sun's rays will shower down on us in a couple hours as the fireworks celebrating the next ice age. I don't know how they reckon it will stop, with it going on so long and all. And if it will stop, then why the hell did they take so long to tell us? How am I supposed to find a new home with a four hour eviction notice?

They say that it will get cold fast, to keep small animals inside, and to seal all the windows and doorways. It's still warm, I'm not too worried. I like to imagine the event as an ice sun replacing the old fire sun, or better yet eclipsing it totally. Instead of light it emits the opposite, nega-light, or "night" as I like to call it.

I'm glad I don't have a family, so no big plan to kill them all humanely. They keep suggesting it through official sources: what pills to take, how to tie the knot, how to flood your house with carbon monoxide, unbearable really. I think I'll be fine for long enough, lots of firewood and a big dog is really all you can ask for in this kind of situation.

The power's gone out. They say it's being diverted to focus on priority areas. I guess they'll save more people if all the power is going to the city, it's understandable really. I wish they had kept on the tornado sirens though. It's silent now. I think the birds know what's coming, they are all together, huddled in a couple of barren trees in the backyard. Maybe I could let them in.

Not that I look forward to it, but death by freezing doesn't sound so bad. Killing yourself just seems too loud, too quick. Life is there and then it isn't, that's no way to go. With freezing it's more of a gradual slowing of life, a curve with an asymptote at death; that way, while I might not be living too much, on an infinitesimal level there's still a bit of life left to go.

It's just like being a child again really, the familiarity of small spaces, the creation of havens, forts. Now there's a small spaces, the creation of havens, forts. Now there's a strategic reason to bring out all the blankets. The heat tunnels into the blankets from the fire, and the whole house feels like it just came out of the dryer.

The last light came and it was amazing, I had to stand outside for it. It was like a kiss goodnight from god, just a wave of warmth and then nothing as he walks out the room, turns off the light, and goes to say goodnight to Mars, then Jupiter, then Saturn, and on down the hall. I wonder where we will wake up. For now, I'm going to bed, it's getting rather cold, goodnight.

Good.

Night.

BY ANONYMOUS

steal these stories!

A nebula develops consciousness and marries a black hole but when she becomes infertile and the nebula discovers it won't be giving birth to any stars the black hole sucks its way through the universe forever in search of love.

A group of European teenage vampires from the 19th century board the Titanic to come to America. After it sinks, they go back in time to rewrite history and save themselves.

A man tries to achieve his dream but fails for no other reason than his objective incompetence and this turns him into a stoic and he becomes the final Greek philosopher and BTFOs reddit.

Second person future tense diet pomo doorstopper choose your own adventure about trying to escape a seemingly infinite recursion of simulations. Somehow also a musical.

A story about a dog who thinks his owner is actually a train because he smokes all the time. Through a series of overwrought metaphors and allusions we learn that the owner is literally a locomotive.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same

Horses

All up in arms about this
Cozy and snuggled up in your
Arrmmmmhs about this
I'm calling your grave, but at this
Late an hour, no one is
Picking up. I was all: Sadness
Now I'm all: Saddles up

Anonymous 05/27/21(Thu)16:17:17 No.18332923 ►
File: [123.gif](#) (264 KB, 314x200)



well, day one of writing knocked down. Got almost two pages in. They're not good, I will not have a coherent line of reasoning that runs from beginning to end. I'm just including semi-related things to prove I read the literature. It's a difficult assignment in the time given, there's a significant empirical component where I'd basically have to scour the internet for sources about a couple of parties and their language in the last 20 years. At the same time the prof says focus is not on the empirical but on how we use the literature. But I'm supposed to use the literature vis-a-vis the empirical case. I don't know anons, I'm just writing things from the literature, trying to get everything I feel fairly certain that I can say on paper, then we'll see how much time there is left to put in real work on the empirical side. It is very likely I will allude to a lot of theories that I will then not use at all. i will likely get a passing though not impressive grade. This is a good result. I prioritized reading other things too beside course-literature so it's fine. Ivan is just about to **meet the devil**.



THE NIGHT PATRON

I approached the doors of the library under the watch of the winter sunset. My hands shook from the cold. I had walked here, I lived only a few blocks away from the library and the walk here at night was the start of my favorite time of day. The streets were quiet and lit by street lights of various colors. Bathed in the dull yellows on the street corners and here on the steps of the library warm orbs of orange. Like fairy lights to another world. Alberto Manguel once wrote "At night, when the library lamps are lit, the outside world disappears and nothing but the space of books remains in existence." After a moment of shivering the doors slid open and beckoned me inside.

Phillip Larkin once called churches 'A serious house on serious Earth' after he reflected their beauty. His surprise at revisiting one and being in awe of the power and solemnity it still had. For me the same feelings were true for libraries. Through mine was a modernized affair it was still a second home. Coming here this late only reinforced that, I had the place to myself. Like my card was a key to a studio apartment. I breathed in the smell of the books around me and found a comfortable chair upstairs and began to work. I was a writer, and it was there that I did my best work.

Coming here during the day had its benefits. I was a frequent enough patron that I could call on the librarians by name, as friends. I did not feel however that the other patrons I saw didn't appreciate the space as I did. I reached into my bag and pulled out one of my moleskin notebooks and a pen and began to chew on the tip. I wasn't sure what I'd write about. I retrieved a clipboard I had attached a yellow piece of paper to, a paper with a list of ideas. I closed my eyes and tapped my pen down and back up and so until satisfied I opened my eyes. The story my pen had stopped on would be the story I chased tonight.

There was only one other famous writer from my town. Really knew how to write his fellow man to page. He had died in 1973, the same year my parents were born. I thought of how large that gap was between him and I. Maybe there had been other writers but perhaps they had moved onto better towns or had lost their spark. Our man had a similar background to mine and in that vein I considered us kindred spirits.

The legacy he left this town was astounding. The wing of the college we named for him comes up before his own Wikipedia article if you were to search him on the internet by name. When he died his books were donated to the college library. I've been there, rows of classics behind glass cases, playbills from his shows and photos of the actor, his old and dusty typewriter. What surprised me the most was his music records. Seeing the music that he had listened to, thumbing through them as he did. I didn't believe in ghosts but here he was. If I closed my eyes I could hear the music coming from the gramophone and the familiar clack of typewriter keys.

People idolized writers and the power of the written word. You'd have to go looking, but if you did you would always find your church, your serious house on serious Earth. After college I went to Spain to see what Hemingway was on about in Pamplona and Ronda. On my friend's urging we took a visit to the Bolaño Archive at the Centre de Cultura Contemporània de Barcelona. Similar to the exhibit at our home town's college there were manuscripts and books and photos and even a pair of the man's glasses. I had never read the man before that trip but here were the literal lenses through which he saw the world he wrote about. I wondered how much of that world resembled the red walls of the exhibit around us.

My hand began to cramp and I put down my pen and flexed my fingers, popping each finger joint in turn to relieve the tension. I remember reading Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451 in high school. In the author's notes he said he wrote the whole thing on a typewriter in the basement of the UCLA library. You could rent a typewriter there for ten cents per half hour, and he spent nine dollars and eighty cents. I wish I had a typewriter. Maybe if I did I could call myself a proper writer. Maybe one day I'd write my own Fahrenheit 451. Maybe people would one day put my records and my eyeglasses in a museum for others to see. I gazed out the window to the snow crested night and wondered what my legacy could be, what I could do, and went back to my story.

I continued on my story, occasionally taking breaks to drink from my water bottle or check my watch. The library's extended hours were coming to a close and with it my story. I would return in the morning to type it up. I took a moment to re-read my work and nodded. It was an alright story. From downstairs I heard the door chime and welcome someone else in. Deciding that was my cue to leave, I slowly began to pack my things. I stood up and threw my bag over my shoulder, pacing down the shelves one more time running my fingers along their spines. I paused at the door to once more breathe in the air of the library. Then wrapped my scarf around my face and went out into the cold.

K-ANON

& Magazine Presents Eggplant

Ogden Nesmer

Chapter One

A pebble, lodged between the grooves underneath Arda's left sneaker, scratched like a metronome on the pavement as she made her way down another city block. The sun was white-hot and it baked the concrete pads of the sidewalk until the smell of stale urine rose up like morning fog from a pond. Arda ran her finger along the metal curly-q binding of her tiny notepad, hidden within her jacket pocket.



A man with his palm raised up asked from the gutter of the people walking by: "change? change?" But the walkers didn't hesitate or glance downward. He raised the hand to Arda, but she shrugged and said "no cash." Lonely figures in blankets and coats sat all along each block in this part of the city. They held their eyes down and their palms up, begging in hopeless monotone. Some of them stood, some ignored the walkers altogether. An old woman pushed a shopping cart. Some muttered to themselves and others shouted at unseen things. One man wrapped in garbage bags snored, next to a dried cake of vomit. The shuffling of feet and groaning and the persistence of pleas for change coalesced into a routine of sound and motion the walkers were oblivious to. An old man with scabs creeping out from under his coat's collar stumbled forward, and a woman on her cell-phone simply brushed him back to the gutter with the back of her arm. To the walkers it was all unremarkable; the muttering and pleading and the stench represented only a sensory extension of what was supposed to fill the gutter of any sidewalk on any day of the week: filth, detritus, someone else's lost things. Arda stopped and put a dollar bill in the hands of the scabbed man, and he moved on without thanking her. The beggars were a part of the city architecture, imminent in its low overpasses and plentiful dumpsters. They were designed not to be noticed. Arda noticed. Though she made her way at the pace of the walkers and mirrored their tunnel-vision gazes, she couldn't deny the apparent synchrony of the beggars. The unwritten rules of the city were made clear through their harmonious squalor. Those beggars on their feet only ever moved within a preset current that took them up and down the block, pole to pole, avoiding the shoulders and toes of men-in-suits. Some failsafe still functioned in the minds of those who seemed to have lost them, keeping their shouts aimed upward or inward, not at the walkers where they might cause trouble. Of course, it was still early; most people were still sober. As the dance progressed the tension could build. Someone could slip. A clash between the walkers and beggars meant trouble for both parties. No one was safe. It happened sometimes, but not often. A crescendo was still somewhere far off. For now Arda kept time with her scraping pebble.

She had forgotten the address, but the neighborhood had already started its signature transition from distressed to trendy: the restaurants suddenly sprouted queues 20 people long. Tagging turned into street art. Pit-bulls morphed into corgis and australian shepherds. The cloud of beggars had disintegrated, except for the occasional straggler hoping to find a bag of day-old pastries. In these early stages of gentrification the signs were subtle and often easy to miss for an outsider, but it was Arda's crowd. She fit in, whether she wanted to or not. She passed a cuban place she had never seen before, and a tattooed guy working inside nodded his head to her. She nodded back, believing that this was probably one of Sandy's friends from Michigan she had met at the Halloween thing. Probably. She kept moving.

"Arda." She was waiting for the crosswalk and, amid the rumble of cars, almost didn't hear her name being called. "Arda!" she turned her head to see Lin poking out of the passenger side window of an idling sportscar. "How'd you know I needed to see you?"
"Lin? What are the odds of-?"

The car behind Lin honked and shouted something foul in spanish, to which Lin's friend in the driver's seat offered a disinterested middle finger. "Arda, I'm joking, but I do, really need to speak with you" he beckoned her closer.

"Lin, you want to just text me?" she asked, trying to ignore the honking coming now from three cars back. Lin kept summoning her with a single pointer finger. Arda approached.

"Lin, what's up?" she asked.

"I need you to come to my apartment-- my new apartment! Oh, goodness, Arda! It's been so long, you don't even know my new address!" he slapped her shoulder with a limp-wrist. The effeminacy of the gesture drew a stark contrast between Lin and his driver, with his bulky arms exposed by a tattered tank-top. The honking multiplied.

"Text me your address, I can come by later. I'm on my way to Gabi's show, and I think these people are about to start trying to ram you--"
"Get my address from someone who knows, and be there tonight. We can't text about this. Don't even say your reason for getting my address--"

"PINCHE BABOSO!"

A long, unbroken honking interrupted Lin. His driver got out of the car in a smooth motion, and turned to face the line behind him. Only standing was it now clear that he was about seven feet tall, with a tattooed sleeve of solid black on his muscular arms. He started towards the offender.

"Shit, Lin--" Arda started, but the honking car blinked first. The driver stepped on the pedal and swerved around, followed by the buildup of about a dozen cars, all heads turning to see the seven-foot tall man with his fists clenched tight.

"I have something for you, dear. Something very good, like old times" Lin tilted his shades, speaking low. "But you must be there, tonight."

"Okay, Lin."

The door slammed shut, and the car was gone before Arda could ask anything. The red hand of the crosswalk signal returned to its solid, resting state.



Arda spotted Mari smoking a cigarette with three skinny guys in heavy jackets, her formerly electric-blue bangs now a humble green. Without motion Mari spotted Arda and called her towards the group. One of the skinny guys was in the middle of making a point as Arda slipped noiselessly into the circle and took Mari's cigarette for a drag.

"You're early"

"It hasn't started?" Arda returned the cigarette.

"It has, but you're still early."

Arda looked around. There were a couple dozen twenty-somethings smoking and looking bored. They crowded a half-opened garage door behind a fenced-in, six-car parking lot, wherein voices and the snapping of camera shutters could be heard. Arda could feel a waft of cool air break on her face as a stray belch from the A/C unit inside found her through the crowd.

"Are we doing anything other than Au?"

Mari shrugged and pulled on the cigarette, "some paintings, some photos..."

Arda got out her notepad and flipped to a cleanish page, "You got a pen?"

"Wow, paper and pen, very analog. I love it," one of the skinny guys joked. He held an open box of cigarettes toward Arda. She refused.

"Where's Gabi? Is he plugged in already?"

"That's the show, isn't it?" Mari took one of the cigarettes from the box and tucked it behind her ear. "He started at two, and he's done when the bag's empty. About an hour."

"Well, did he ever tell you how he's paying for it? The metal and shit, obviously?" she patted her jacket pockets.

Mari shook her head, and blew her smoke outside of the circle, "Don't even ask. You know he'll kill me if I start telling you things without his say in what I say. Just go inside and ask him before he's too high to respond."

"Does he actually get high?"

"Well, you know, he gets... hazy and loopy. It's like he's high but, I don't know..." she put the cigarette back in her mouth. "I'm not a doctor. He'll be hard to talk to, though. Once he's 'high,' or disoriented or whatever."

"How many times has he actually done this before? Like, in preparation?"

Mari stuck a finger straight out towards an open door and stomped a foot playfully. The boys snickered.

"You're Arda, right?"

"Yeah, hi," Arda replied to the skinny guy with the box of smokes.

"I'm Cal. Mari's shown me some of your articles, they're pretty good." Mari looked at him and smoked.

"Thanks. Do any of you guys have a pen?"

They shook their heads.

To view art, in the company of other art-viewers, is a skill akin to the making of art itself. One has to learn to temper their immediate reactions of shock or boredom or confusion or ambivalence with practiced expressions of pensive thought, and rumination. One does not simply walk into a gallery and find something to gawk at. The little motions-- the soft furrowing of the brow, a gentle tilt of the head, finger and thumb at rest on the chin-- represent a careful commitment to the craft of taking-things-in. Only those particularly skilled observers can master such high-level responses as distaste, or disapproval. Delivered by an amateur, a reaction of disgust will backfire: the viewer then becomes the subject of their own silent judgement by their fellow viewers, amounting to a kind of defeat. From the master viewer, on the other hand, a single, well-delivered sneer can end a work's life, and kill an artist's career. In this way the dialectics between artwork and audience is a battle. One must submit to the other, and there is always a winner. Much scientific and marketing research has already been devoted to mastering the battle from either end. Artists have added weapons to their arsenal and refined their reliable methods, but nothing yet known can stop the fallout caused by a bad response from someone who would know. Clever tacticians must know how to offend eloquently; they prey on the small-minded and naive in their audience, while catering to the apex viewers. Drawing lines between the audience to divide and conquer, along class, education, race. The alpha viewers enjoy this kind of supplication, as they end up on top of the infighting. They are far more willing to offer praise-- a form of submission-- to these artists who play the game well, thereby elevating them. Entering the garage, Arda felt her eyes adjust to the difference in light. When she opened them, she saw Gabi, thoroughly dominating this game as she had never seen anyone do before, from the comfort of a velvet-cushioned throne, encrusted in little plastic jewels.

At 27, Gabi was nearing the end of what he saw as his window to truly have a career. He could produce until he died, of course, as most of those older artists he knew did. But they all had had careers already. This meant that sometime in their early twenties they had each done something shocking or controversial that made everyone listen, at least for a moment. Now it really didn't matter what they did or didn't do. They were artists, and no critic or viewer could change that. They had jumped straight out their window and landed on their feet. They had transcended the game entirely. On the cusp of his thirties Gabbi was getting dangerously close to the fatal plateau from which creatives either broke down and moved to friends' couches indefinitely, or became boring and got what his mother would have called a 'real job.' The plateau haunted him. It wasn't easy competing with the literal, actual children he kept hearing about through his instagram feed. He was fortunate that he was attractive and black, but these could only get him so far. More importantly, their worth wasn't transferrable. Gabbi knew with every tattoo he sat through, his other window-- his window of escape into the life of secure banality-- shrunk. He was smart. He may not have wanted to jump out that window, but he knew it was an important one to keep open. He thought constantly about his different windows and when he may be forcefully defenestrated. He knew he was taking strange risks that didn't make sense to a lot of people, mom especially, but he wanted it too bad. Reason and good-planning became his enemies. He sought guidance from successful people he knew didn't give a damn about him. He hid his anxiety about failure unbelievably well. All of his friends thought he was destined for greatness, even when he was just trying to be a west-coast Genesis Tremaine. People were rooting for him, even mom.

Somewhere down the line Gabi got big into performance. He did a couple of truly bizarre shows with a troupe of white college kids looking for their token black, and realized how good it felt to watch his audience as they watched him. The more outrageous he acted the more people opened like a book and told him everything they thought with only their faces. The theatre kids each jumped out their own shrinking windows, and the troupe faded away. But Gabi learned some valuable tricks he used to reinvent his painting and sculpture. He started attending his shows as other people-- characters he had come up with, either through his time with the troupe, or simply minutes before opening. He did a show once in a French nobleman's coat Arda found on her way over, and a drag queen's wig powdered with flour. He called himself 'Sir Niggerbottom the Eighth' and insisted all his white guests refer to him as such, to their embarrassment and nervous shame. It was funny in the moment, profound even. Unfortunately it didn't translate well into the piece that Arda wrote afterward (her editor received some pretty angry mail about it from some pretty sophisticated people, and gave Arda a "talking-to" she was still sour about) but it was a great show, and not one of her worst pieces.

To the surprise of no one at all, Gabi's most acclaimed character was an aspiring rapper named 'lil dirty boi,' whose actual artwork was just photos of his own tagging done throughout east LA. He was praised by quite a few writers more successful than Arda as a bold, implicit statement on ideals of race and their fatal intermingling with commercial entertainment, or some such shit. Gabi had actually released two albums as 'lil DB' and was even mentioned in some pretty household tabloids after he attended a Lakers' game as the character, bringing with him an unregistered, gold-plated handgun. He was getting a lot of attention and he found he actually really loved doing the photography, but he had long since fallen out of love with 'lil dirty.' The attention had managed to turn on him; no one cared about Gabi, or Niggerbottom, or Quasius 900X, (one of Arda's inventions) they just wanted dirty boi. Gabi was getting fan mail for DB. He was being interviewed as him. Of course he was also getting fame and a bit of money from him. It wasn't easy to say no. He could feel lil dirty boi taking over his body, having more of a claim to it than Gabi did himself. Gabi was almost rooting for the poor kid with a missing dad and a brother in jail, but he had to remind himself lil dirty boi wasn't real.

Tonight would be another lil dirty boi show. Gabi had made it clear to his friends, and to Arda, that it would be a real groundbreaking show. It would change his career, make him unbelievably rich and famous, and he could possibly retire lil dirty boi for good. One last job, then a glorious apotheosis by means of that golden, open window.



On a platform of solid white was lil dirty boi's throne, where he sat grinning stupidly, exposing a set of glittering grills to the crowd. His head was drooped back lazily, and a made-up woman in a skimpy nurse's uniform rubbed his shoulders and kept an eye on the fold of his elbow, where an hypodermic needle was placed and taped down. She did not look like a real nurse, and from the redness on Gabi's arm it looked like she may have been the one to place the needle. Cameras snapped and people whispered to each other. Arda turned to see their faces and couldn't even count the shocked, truly disturbed looks of the stuffy viewers in their turtlenecks and thick-framed spectacles. Gabi lifted his head to spout some trademark, dirty boi belligerence. He shouted at "that white nigga in the stripes," who people couldn't seem to locate after a scan of the room. It was unclear how much of a show Gabi was putting on. The cameras did not stop. Arda's eyes followed the sparkling intravenous tube up from Gabi's limp arm, as it pumped, by way of a compact dialysis machine, a steady stream of viscous, shiny liquid. She squinted until she could make them all out: the various flakes and shreds of pure gold and platinum swirling dreamily in the IV bag. Gabi had checked, and apparently it wouldn't kill him: his final act

"I think he did it once before," Cal said quietly as he came up behind Arda and clicked the top of a pen. "That's what he told me when I asked. He did it once, by himself, felt like shit, but didn't die. At least that's what he told me. I found this, too."

Arda took the pen. "Thanks." she looked back up at Gabi as the light of a camera flash caught the bag and blinded her for a moment. Rubbing her eyes, she made sure "so there are no actual doctors involved with this? No one I can talk to about safety measures? Budget? Nothing like that?"

Cal shrugged.

Well, thanks for the pen." She made her way gently through the crowd.

Gabi was muttering profanities to himself as the nurse leaned in to kiss him on the cheek for a photo. Arda whispered his name.

"Bitch, it's lil dirty. You read my face?" he lifted a finger to a fake tattoo above his eye that read 'lil dirty' in cursive.

"I thought you didn't like being interviewed in character?"

"Where the fuck you think we at?" he whispered sharply, "you think you at my ma's house right now?"

"All right, fair point." Arda pulled out the notebook and pen.

Gabi slapped the notebook out of her hand and the cameras fluttered. Arda left the notebook on the floor. She could hear her name being whispered in the crowd.

"Gab-- Dirty. I just want to hear straight from the source what went into this show. Come on, don't we like giving a hand to local journalists? Isn't the tussling with the press part of the job? Let's tussle."

Gabi closed his eyes and laid his head back. He reached over with his free arm and scratched the red area where the needle was penetrating his skin. "I'm sick of y'all misrepresenting me. Thinkin' a nigga some kind of clown." Arda tried not to smile. Even after years as lil dirty boi, Gabi had not mastered the patois of inner-city black youth. He was still a private school kid who got bullied for sport.

"How'd you get the metals? That's a lot of money"

"I look like a chump to you? I got the connections"

"How much it cost you?"

"Leave it be, Arda..." he trailed off. "Can't I have nothing? Why you gotta... break it all down... down to the bones..." The nurse leaned down and pinched his cheek until his eyes opened wide and he breathed deep. "Art ain't money"

"Of the two, this can only be the latter..."

"Money is art..."

"But, wait--"

"If money... if it's money..."

"Gabi," Arda said softly "is this a good idea?"

He sneered. He put on his best, most impudent lil dirty boi look and said in a voice that was solely Gabi's: "years writing about this shit and you still don't get it. You won't. Won't ever." Like royalty he waved her off. She bent over to grab her notebook and the crowd shifted and closed her out of the circle.

"He's in character," Cal said, shrugging.

"It's no act; he really does suffer from terminal narcissism."

Gabi didn't hear the jibe. His face was slack and satisfied. He opened his eyes straight up into the light and felt his transcendence. A tear rolled down his cheek, and he rubbed his bicep to fight the cold creeping up toward his chest. He clenched his grills and felt his pupils dilate, opening up to accept the light.



N A I M A

by Anonymous

I had been travelling since morning and needed a safe place to rest for the night. I made my way through a winding forest road towards the lakeshore when to my surprise I came to a small town. I had passed many towns along the main road, but was almost certain that the side narrow forest road I followed would only lead to more forest. The road in the town was smooth and reached all the dozen or so buildings and then looped back to the forest. As I walked into the town I came to an inn. It was an old brick building with a large porch with heavy looking columns supporting it. It looked narrow from the front, but expanded out along the depth. I looked around once more at the town, then climbed the stairs and entered.

Inside the tables were crowded and the staff was busy. The wooden floors looked like they had never been mopped. The walls were decorated with pictures of the town and advertisements for domestic beer. There was a small bar to the right of where I came in. It was full and the bartender said to me "Take a seat anywhere". I nodded and looked back at the tables. From the far side of the bar was a round wooden table with 8 people sitting around it. One of the patrons at that table shouted to me "Come, eat with us". The others looked at me and waved me over. I looked at them and stepped towards their table. "Sit with us, we have a feast ready for you". I looked at their plates and saw that they were bare. Yet they all motioned their hands in a dance of invisible food. Some were aggressively cutting thick steaks, others sunk their teeth into large ears of corn, some buttered rolls with delicate strokes, and still others blew the steam off soup that wasn't there. "There is more than enough to share" I stared at them as they tried to entice me to sit. I looked around to the other patrons to see if they noticed this spectacle. Other tables ate visible food and no one seem to notice this strange performance. I stepped away and went further into the inn.

I stepped into a side room and up to another round table. "You will be our guest, please sit down. We were just about to eat." A man from this second table called to me. I looked at their plates and saw small bowls of what looked like brown rice. In the center of the table were large serving plates with thick dark colored noodles that were being stirred with skill. "Yes, we can set a plate for you, please join us." The side room had windows to the front of the inn. The sun was coming through, but was getting low. I approached the table with squinting eyes. Then a waiter came in carrying a candle. He walked the perimeter of the room lighting every candle in there. As the room became illuminated my eyes could see what the table was eating. The small grains of brown rice the patrons were picking out of their bowls turned into lively white maggots. The patrons stirred platters of snakes and eels before serving them where they were consumed with vigor. The waiter completed lighting the candles and walked away through a door in the far end of the side room. "Come eat with us," another man said

to me with bits of snake scale on his teeth. My skin shuddered and my stomach was nauseous. Their grubby fingers picked the white maggots from their bowls and into their foul mouths. They filled their mouths with snakes and the tails whipped wildly as they were swallowed. I fled to the back of the room and exited the way of the waiter.

Behind the door was darkness. My eyes slowly adjusted and I could see lights moving. The walls were narrow and waiters were carrying trays of food above their heads with small candles in the center of the trays. There were dozens of them marching in the shadows of their trays all carrying some variety of dirty dishes or fresh food under shiny metal covers. I joined the march and followed a waiter with what looked like a full tray of fresh food. We went down the narrow hallway and turned right. We were in another dining area. There were no windows here. Candles lined the walls and the center of each table. I followed my waiter and he weaved his way around patrons, chairs, and other waiters. I kept my head low and followed step. We crossed this dining area and came to a small staircase next to an unlit stone fireplace and ascended. At the top of the staircase was a small landing. The waiter I was following stopped on this landing and started to converse with those in front of him. I was still on the stairs and lowered my head. "Maybe he doesn't like being followed?" I thought to myself. "But then why should it matter?" I could hear mumbling, but could not make out a word. Then three waiters rushed past me on the stairs and I clung to the railing to keep from falling. The waiter I was following turned sharply to the left and ascended up a second staircase. As soon as I could move, I climbed to the landing and rushed up the second staircase. From the bottom of that second staircase I could see that the waiter had gotten some distance on me. I hurried after him and the light bouncing on his tray. The staircase was carpeted and musty. Every step I planted caused a whiff of dust and moisture to puff into my nostrils. The handrail was dusty as well. I could feel my hands getting dirtier with every step. Somehow, I could not keep up with the waiter. He had mastered the stairs. He had made it to the top, stopped, and then advanced into the faint glow of the room. Then I was alone on the stairs racing my way to the narrow doorway and soft light that awaited me.

I made it to the top. I stood in the doorway and looked out to the dining area. There were small tables of two or four people. The walls were decorated with golden candlesticks and portraits of people from long ago in aristocratic clothing. To my right were a row of windows showing the trees below and small lights traveling on across the back of the inn. The lake was in full view and becoming black as the night approached and the stars in heaven began to come forth. The tables were square and covered in white linen. The people were eating and having small conversations. As I walked by them, they stopped and stared at me. I made my way

further into the room looking for the waiter I pursued, but he was gone. Further I walked until I was in the center and there, I stopped to survey the room. There were no waiters wandering, there were no patrons leaving their seats, there was only me standing in the center and a hundred eyes on me. No one said a word. Their plates were full of the finest meats, bread, cheeses, and roasted vegetables. There were wines of every shade and vintage in every glass. I looked at the patrons and they at me. All were silent. I kept walking and they kept watching. I made my way to the far corner of the dining area. I could hear from far behind me people resuming their meals and conversations the further I walked from them. I opened the door in the far corner and walked in.

Inside was another stair case with a single short fat candle waiting at the top for me. I took it from its holder and descended the stairs. These stairs felt similar to the ones I ascended earlier. They had the old carpet smell and the handrail was equally dirty. The walls were a collage of years of various shades of semi white paint that had peeled and been repainted. I stepped carefully. As I did, I began to realize my hunger. My stomach was groaning and I was wondering if I would ever find food or even a safe place to rest. I couldn't believe the strangeness of the inn. I kept telling myself I would find food and I would come to understand what I had seen.

The number of steps I crossed grew large. "I must be near the bottom" I thought. I had walked much further than I had climbed and yet I saw no door. I hid the candle with my hand to darken the view in front of me. My eyes adjusted and I thought I could see a faint grey square of light in front of me. I re-aimed my light and continued on. Further and further I descended. I travelled into the depths where the stairs faded from carpet to under pad, from under pad to wood, from wood to concrete, from concrete to stone, and at last I was walking on a gentle slope of cold earth. The walls become damp with soil and the air became soured. Tree roots protruding from all sides and slowed my pace. Still I made my way closer and closer to the grey square of light and it grew brighter and brighter.

At last I was at the end. The air was almost unbreathable with its foulness. There was a constant draft that chilled my skin. I turned the corner with the meager remains of my candle and a strong breeze extinguished its flame. I looked out to the source of the grey light and saw a large hall lined with stone. There were cobwebs every which way and a heavy cloud of dust that seemed to be settled in the middle of the room. In the far end of the hall was a fireplace burning with enough wood to build a small house. Despite its immense size there was still a cold draft in the hall. To the right of the fireplace was a stone stairway that lead into darkness. In front of the fireplace was a large round table seated with 8 people. They were talking quietly amongst themselves and clinking their utensils against their bowls.

From the table cried a voice, "A guest! Come and join us!". All members of the table stopped their conversations and turned their attention towards me. Another voice called out, "Yes, please eat with us!"

I began to walk my way towards the table. I wiped the enormous cobwebs from my path. My breath was reduced to short gasps as I carefully maneuvered through the dust towards the diners.

How delightful! Please join us!" Another voice called out. They all talked at once saying how excited they were, how there was much to eat, how rare guests are, and so on. I stepped closer to the table and could see a large pot in the center surrounded by small wicker baskets. "At last" I thought "this stew and bread will restore me, but what is that infernal odor?". Closer I walked to the excited commentary of the diners. The wretched stench grew stronger as I approached the table, "Eat!" they cheered to me. The fireplace roared cold and toxic air filled my nose. The lid was lifted and the odor punched me senseless. My hands covered my face and I cried out. The harsh aroma paralyzed me. I slowly pulled my hands lower and forced my eyes to see the horrible contents of the pot. One diner lifted a large black ladle and spooned out a heavy helping of diarrhea into a bowl. Another reached into a bread basket and retrieved an elongated turd. He smiled, took a bite of it dipped it into his bowl of shit, and then took another bite. They spooned great gulps of the black fecal soup into their mouths and in between spoonful's they cheered me on. "Sit down!" "Please join us. You honor us with your presence!" "What's ours is yours!". My head was dizzy with disgust and fear. I stumbled around the table towards the fire place. I stood in front of the enormous flames and they brought me only waves of coldness. My stomach tightened and my whole body writhed. "Join us, there is always room for guests at our table!" I stepped towards the stone staircase. "Please don't leave!" I pulled what little strength I had left, and quickly ran up the stairs into the darkness.

In the darkness I made several quick leaps up the stairs. The air became fresher and the cold draft was beginning to subside. Then I missed a step and came down hard on my right knee. The pain shot through my whole leg. I collapsed on the stairs and clutched my knee. Slowly and with the onset of swelling I gently crawled on my hands up the stone steps further into the darkness. After some time, I adjusted to my swollen knee and was able to walk without the assistance of my hands. There was nothing but pitch darkness in front of me, but I kept moving. Finally, I felt I could stand up straight and when I did a sharp blow shot through the top of my skull. Intense pain radiated my whole brain and I saw bright red and yellow spots in the darkness before I completely blacked out.

I woke with stomach pains. Half my body was warm and the other half cool. A gentle warmth was brushing my face and when I opened my eyes, I saw that the stars were looking back at me. I let out a groan. My knee and head had suffered. I heard soft footsteps on grass and suddenly an old pair of eyes were looking down on me. The eyes were tucked deep into a well-worn face with a wide beard and bushy eyebrows. They looked inquisitively at me and then relaxed. A question came out of the old face. "What were you doing in the cellar?" Laying on my back and still confused, it took me a moment to find my voice. "I was looking for a place to sit" That explanation felt weak. "I got lost". I paused.

The old man continued looking down at me. "I heard you knock". He pointed to my head. He moved away from me and I was able to sit up. There was a fire and a lamb roasting on a spit above it. The old man turned the spit several times and studied the lamb. My leg was swollen straight. My head ached. My stomach was empty and now it was night. Behind us was the inn with its many windows glowing with candle light. Across from me was the lake. It was black now, but I could hear its waves gently stroking the shore. Behind the old man was a shed with a short brick walkway leading to the front doors. Around us in the distance were other fires. People had gathered and were preparing for the night. They were spread out some in the grass and some shrouded by trees. Some had sheds similar to the old man's, some had tall tents that could fit 10 people, and still others had dwellings made from branches and twigs. They spread out far along the edge of the town and the fire light faded along the bend of the lake.

"Serve me some of that lamb" I told the old man "I have travelled far today and need to travel further tomorrow."

"When it is ready you can take your share." The old man calmly replied.

I watched the old man and waited. Finally, I asked, "How long has it been cooking?"

"Very long."

A pause. The old man stood up and walked to his shed. I sat alone on the grass and watched him. He reached into his shed and carried what he found back with one hand. He had retrieved two faded and heavily dented copper plates. He placed them on stump near him. In that stump was a large fixed blade knife.

"Do you cook all by yourself?" I asked.

"How can anyone cook by themselves?" The old man sat down near his knife and plates. He looked proudly at his lamb, the fire, and then focused on me. "You see me turning the spit and tending the fire, but you don't see those who raised the lamb and prepared it for this moment."

We waited in silence. Then when I could wait no longer, I stood, and hobbled over where the man kept his things. He watched me as I pulled the knife from the stump. I then walked to the lamb. I turned back towards the old man and said "Come and eat with me. It is ready." The old man stood up, drew his plates, and approached the fire. With the knife I sliced a hot fat piece of lamb onto each plate. Then under the summer night we ate in silence.





THE CONCEPT OF SELLING 'FEET PICS'
TO PAY STUDENT LOANS IS ALREADY
LOSING MEANING - AS YOU OPEN
AND LICK YOUR OWN EYEBALLS



TIME TO EAT A BUG



-ZORN101

What I Did at University.

I rigged a drinking game so that a non-drinking Islamic girl I didn't like would be pressured into drinking too much alcohol in too little time. Amongst the splatterings of great geysers made of bile and half chewed refried beans adorning my walls I felt slight regret. When I threw her half naked into the shower I had opportunity to view her sagging, empty breasts. A primal sense of disgust flared within me and just as quickly dissipated.

She called her parents to tell them she was sick from eating cheese and began drafting a letter of apology to Allah. I poured a quarter of a bottle of Jagermeister into her overnight bag.

Three months later she told us of her cousin back in her home country. Her cousin had refused what all had considered to be a favourable marriage arranged for her by her aunt and instead married an Italian man with a ponytail. She was beaten to death with metal pipes. All had considered the beating to be necessary and the subsequent death unfortunate but deserved.

Seven years later Hana Kimura died. She wasn't beaten to death with metal pipes by her family. She mixed a concoction of household cleaning products in a plastic bag to create a toxic gas and then she tied it over her head. She probably didn't even know Bangladesh existed, and would have been happier for it.



Your Ad Here

Tang

The need is still there
Built of warm tongues and fingers
That know the way to

Her drop of sunlight
Keep it company inside
The shell where it lives

Offer her my mouth
She sits heavy on my tongue
Familiar sour taste

Tips of my fingers
Is how she pulls me to her
Keeping me warm too

Walls trap me inside
The hip's valley of desire
Brings me closer still

Flashing lights on unshaven concrete
hostile flowers
glass

Don't trespass on private property
private property
my ass

Home is where the house is and my
sleeping bag
is here

Don't wake me lest you wanna catch this empty
bottle
beer

The police think I'm litter

Waking Up

Racial Sensitivity Training

We had a whole day of racial sensitivity training this week. Someone left a stack of strange magazines in the break room. There was an article entitled 'A brief recollection of AngloChina' that claimed that most rocks in China are just styrofoam balls dipped in lead. Ming ascended to another aural plane. Hopping around the break room in various kung fu poses with his tie wrapped around his head screaming about the caricaturization of Asian culture. His nose doesn't have a bridge and his eyes in comparison seem to pop out, like a frog. He is very little.

Only a matter of time before HR got involved. You hear the gelatinous wobble of the HR Manager's waddle before you see her coming. Fat swinish face framed by a beautiful and expensive haircut, the juxtaposition of which only serves to make the whole more nauseating. She checked over the malignant magazine, wheezing from her journey from just down the corridor, pretending to understand what she was seeing. Well, that wasn't a nice thing to say about Chinese rocks, and there's some pages at the start that describe a not very good noodle house, so yeah, this is probably hate speech.

HR worked fast. No more than five hours later, she sent the alert to the Cultural Diversity Coordinator, while her subjects (a group of Chinese takeaway boxes very recently licked barren) looked on blankly. Nursing her very recently papercut tongue, the HR Manager was confident in her decision. The Cultural Diversity Coordinator is very clued in on these sorts of things. She once suggested expensive changes to operations that would arguably slightly, or maybe not even slightly, increase inclusivity for all none of the organisation's transgender employees. She once suggested an entire intranet that would exist on a few pages on printer paper. She sent digital (!?) flowers to all the women (and men, in error) in the company by email for International Women's Day. On the wrong day, but flowers by email! She'll know what to do.

The racial sensitivity training didn't cover racial sensitivity. It covered a lot of facts about Filipino culture. The Cultural Diversity Coordinator who happens to be of Filipino descent made comprehensive use of slide transition animations. The Philippines has the third highest rate of journalist deaths per capita in the world. The Philippines has the world's highest rate of deaths caused by falling off the roof of moving public transport.

The magazines are still in the break room.





as sunlight graces mountaintops
and casts across the sky
and peers through leaves to kiss the ground
so too i meet your eye

lean down from yonder splend'rous seat
yet unmoved there you stay
possess your boldest lover still
who falls for you this day

grant me that fierce abandonment
that throws me to my rest
and paint me clawing, bloodied, spent
so clutch me to your breast

show me that ladder stretching high
that banishes my fear
and mightily instills in me
my love for sweet sophia

Notes on a Devil's Threeway

You guys I don't know what works anymore. I've been doin' this a while and I'd like to give you some sense of what makes literature interesting and fun – to make you feel its spirit and superpowers – why it's worth it to give a damn about reading in the first place. But I don't know anymore. So I'm just gonna write profane.

If you wanna get a cool girlfriend you should go out and suck a penis. That's a joke. Or a prescription for a placebo. If your mind takes the drug super seriously the consciousness is relieved of some manifest adolescent stress. I have a theory that any woman who is *proper* interested in sex has hooked up with another woman. If I'm right, why shouldn't the street run both ways? I just thought that if I was ever going to understand women, really understand them, I needed to do everything that a woman has done.

Not that you should go out and find the nearest cock to suck. That's masculine terminology. Getting your dick wet. The action of sex. It's more complicated than that. It's about being interested in personalities.

When I was in my 20's I had two writer friends. When we got drunk together we sometimes talked about the Beats. I don't know what I think about the Beats anymore except what I continue to see in personality. While *well* high on Gin my buddy would be Ginsburg, our wild card was Cassidy – and I was Kerouac. I think about ol' Jack fairly regular cause I often worry that I, too, am drinking myself to death (note that this is part of the appeal of drink and that some of you posers don't respect our dedication to ego death) but suffice to say that there was no competition on who was Jack K. And I thought, on occasion, about the affair he had with Cassidy. The friend of my 20's wasn't Cassidy. He's somebody else; but I remained open and curious as to what a love of the personality of the same sex might do to me.

Then one day I met him at a bar. Loud mouthed and innocent in that feminine way. You know how when a pretty girl has even the barest intellectual take it's often intoxicating. (Let's be honest, most men are dumber than most women but there's fewer female geniuses than male geniuses.) He'd tramped around the world and still learned nothing from it. His currency was story without moral. Smoking crack in toilet paper rolled joints, hammock bumming in Nicaragua. Carrying around 2 grand in an envelope in North Charleston, robbed with his pants around his ankles. Conducting trains across the Midwest a different girlfriend in every town, loses the job with too much drunkenness. They were fun stories – and he kept coming around.

Have you ever been so drunk that you truly feel like you die a little bit? Involved is hiccups and probably vomiting – you are more than likely right on the edge of a medical emergency. The spins feel like they're flushing you downwards into that horrible pure nothingness. I weirdly have a fondness for these moments, not that I've ever been interested in recreating them. They've all happened by accident. But letting a moment, a slice of time – to let that be a marker of progression in the potential rebirth of your personality and vision ... maybe that's romanticizing it too much. But I do that: and it helps to be drunk when stumbling down the path of other's emotions and doing something you've never done before.

Sorry, my advice is awful. What I should've said from the beginning is don't suck a dick and don't have a threesome. It'll more than likely be more trouble than it's worth. I know there are some guys who want to test their competency with two chicks, but don't do it unless they're professionals (that's a different ballgame). Or you better be goddamn well prepared to take two different people's emotions and throw them on your back. That was the thing after I goaded my Cassidy to sleep with me and my girlfriend – the one most disarranged by the whole thing was him. First I had to spend the Saturday dealing with the gf's emotions and two days later when I saw him he looked like he hadn't slept. He was drunk at two in the afternoon and he kept insisting we do it again. He was in worse shape than my girlfriend. And I realized I'd done something bad. It's common parlance to describe suicide as a selfish act. As such, in a threeway, some selfishness is going to manifest. And somebody's going to want to kill themselves.

It was me who wanted to die when we started, to engage with pure drunkenness and a dissolution of the ego – and that impulse got transferred. Sex is ludicrous in the same way that life is. There has to be a meaning (not for you necessarily. You can be above it). But my Cassidy keeps begging my girl for kisses. To look him in the eyes. He's had more women than I'll ever have and yet what I've missed in quantity I think I gained in knowledge of myself. At one point I get up and leave the room to get a glass of water. They both hate this.

See what I mean with the meaning? What makes one act more special than another? It doesn't really matter. The proof is in the meaning pudding. As long as meaning is meaningful you'll always be lost. Trying to do the rain dance of love.

"Kiss me darling," Cassidy whispers to the gf. She looks over at me. I've rightly been challenged as a bad writer. Framing things like a schizophrenic. But I relate with schizophrenics and their "word salad." Word salad is part of poetry. It's the starter – the main course remains in the unconscious, unlocked through years of work or after one has had 6 drinks.

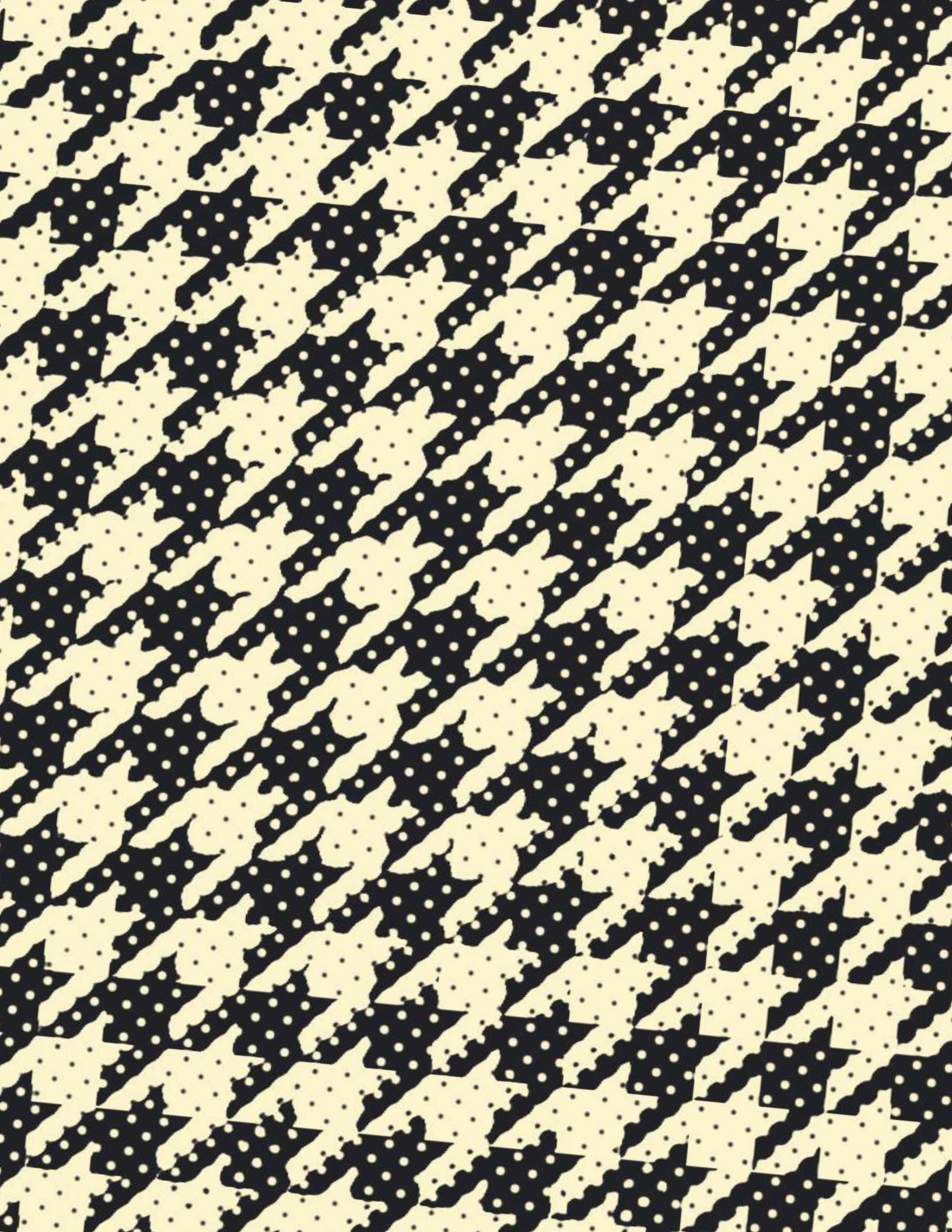
But I remember, going back to the ludicrous – the night was too drunk. As it often is. In the morning with hangover brain we give it a second go. I stroke my Cassidy's cock and then me and the fiance start fucking and eventually I've got her doggy while she sucks his cock and all I can think to myself while looking down at his facial expressions is: "He's still a little boy."

His face, the posture – splayed out – around the time I turned 24 I started having these visions. I'd walk down the street and no matter which face I looked into I'd see a child. Age didn't really matter (although being 60plus did make the exercise more difficult, not impossible). It's a sensation that is gone from me now – seeing the inner child in everyone. I don't desire it. In the same way that when I saw it in my Cassidy I couldn't continue.

The relationship of childhood to sex is now like a mine in West Virginia. Overharvested and undervalued. What's to value? The aging support beams? It doesn't get you anywhere this maze, a credit to human efficiency before efficiency changed. Perhaps there's a lot more to explore and harvest but; How deep can one build the supports before the thing starts crashing in on itself? I mean if one is to take this mine analogy literally – you can't ever get to the core.

I'll admit I don't know where I'm going with that. After I quit in the morning a wave of nausea burns the lungs. Everything smells awful. When I get near the gf's mouth it smells like cock and pussy juice. To say it makes me want to vomit is an understatement – it would be a disastrous hellscape if this smell bounced off every tongue. But this isn't supposed to be a moral. What is left of these actions is more questions than answers. That's why it's good to chuck out the meaning. The way you'll have a bad time with a threesome is if it's supposed to mean something. Unfortunately meaning is the thing we're least able to escape.

Anonymous





But Mr President, said my aide, you're the President sir. And Presidents, well they just don't do things like that.

Listen up, I told that motherfucker. And listen up good. I don't care if I'm the President - if I don't go in myself, those hostages won't get out alive. We only negotiate with one man, that's what those fuckers said. The President or no-one.

But sir- he started.

One man. That's what they said. And if those terrorists want the President to come negotiate, then mark my words they'll get more damn President than they can handle. I don't care what's Presidential and what isn't - if I have to fight my way into this hostage situation, then I'll do it.

If I have to risk my life, okay. And if I have to strip down to my vest and arm wrestle their leader and if I have to gunfight down six men and jump a supercharged bike through an explosion before I smooch the leggy New Zealand Prime Minister on the rooftop to get this shit done, then - let's get this clear motherfuckers - it's because I didn't have any other option. A man's gotta-

Er sir-

What? Motherfucker interrupted my cliché there.

President of New Zealand didn't make it to the summit sir. Motherfucker cringed as he said it. She, er, sent her deputy instead.

Her deputy?

Ron Turbot sir. The PM sends her apologies. She's washing her hair. Probably quite relieved to have missed the summit given the present mass abduction-

Shutit. Any female summit members at all then? World leadership still a total sausage fest?

Well, sir, there is Mrs Merkel.

I gave the motherfucker my most terrifying glare. Then I turned my penetrant, hawklike, also falconlike and occasionally eagloid gaze the way of the occupied tower where the entire leadership of the Western World was manacled together - the fluttering Communislawist flags at the windows, the AK47's and dilators brandished at the windows. Those terrorist bastards want to crash the World Leader Summit in my damn third world shithole? I rolled up my sleeves. They messed with the wrong President

Make that two bowie knives, motherfuckers, two bowie knives, six hand grenades and an extra large tin of Pferdesalve for the Hun.

Boys, I'm going in.

You ever known that feeling – that feeling when your own personal global summit has been gatecrashed by Anarchotraditionist scumbags, threatening to execute the entire leadership of the Western World on your own damn turf unless you yourself personally step up to negotiate the payoff and release?

Of course you don't know it. If you did, as the President of an actual country, you wouldn't be reading my diary at all, you'd be getting it summarized your way by your own personal aide-shaped motherfucker. So let me tell you, a day like that feels like stepping in the ring with a seven foot heavyweight. Except he's not even seven foot tall, he's seventy stories. Seventy stories of new-model housing block that was meant to help you show off your new eight-year plan for ecosocionomic developments, and instead is turning into the nation's biggest international humiliation since Putin annexed our one and only mountain to get me back for beating him at poker.

Chrome-domed shit wasn't feeling so clever now he was sharing handcuffs with Joe Biden on the fiftieth floor of a blocknapped housing tower, was he? And now it was down to me to bail the old men out.

Well up I stepped out of my chauffeured ride and right on into that superheavyweight ring. Into the shadow of the seventy stories. Staring up into sniper scopes and binocular lenses as the military convoy that'd ferried me to just outside drove off. This was the moment, I thought. Did the teroristoids just call me down here to fire that RPG in my teeth then kill off all the hostages, or is this a real negotiation? I stared up at the arsenal bristling from the windows. Silence. Silence and the long walk to the intercom panel.

They buzzed me in. Time to negotiate they thought. Time, thought this here President, to single handedly Bruce Willis every terrorist scumbag to an early grave, and maybe Jean Claude van Demme a couple in the nuts along the way. That's if I was feeling too nice to Chow Yun Fat them up the shitpipe. I girded one loin, carefully girded the other to a symmetrical degree, then headed on in to the housing bloc foyer.

Time for gambit number one. Time to whittle down some numbers.

I climbed the stairs, banging my hand on the metal bannisters with a prang meant to echo up the flight. I was letting them know that I was coming. Ten floors up I heard footsteps. The greeting party. Time to roll.

Using the Presidential Presi-key I use any time I want to go inside a person's house and steal a gymsock or whatever, I opened up one of the apartments nearest to the stairwell and ducked inside. Then, to bait my victim in, I took off one shoe and left it just outside. Time to wait.

When the terrorist reached my floor I heard him go "Huh?" in a loud and ringing, foreign-sounding voice. If I'd had a vantage point I also would have seen a large animated exclamation point flash above his head as he registered the open door and the lone but unmistakably Presidential brogue which was lying right outside.

I heard his military surplus boots squeak on the lino, smelled the sweat on his chest, sensed his cautious movement in through the frame of the door, and quick as a flash I pulled him in by the collar and opened up his throat with my bowie knife.

Like a camel-slaughterer, I steered the fountain of fresh blood, directing it up the pristine wall of the apartment and away from my pristine collared shirt. By the time the bleeding stopped I could already hear the footsteps of the next soldier coming downstairs to check on the dead man.

Quickly I poked my head out the door to check on the brogue. Yes, it was still tilted at the most "Huh?" inducing angle. No, there was no blood fleck to put my victim on his guard. I withdrew and waited.

Half an hour later I was starting to have problems stowing all the corpses. There were fingers poking out from underneath the cushions on the couch, a man bundled up in a cupboard with another whose arms I had needed to remove and place in some nearby drawers, I'd wedged two more behind doors and levered an especially short terrorist into the refrigerator. The bathtub was long since full and the laundry room door was bulging with the weight of the jocularly impaired stacked up inside it. That's when I heard his steps.

They were authoritative.

A man stepped onto the landing, and I knew at once he was the leader of the whole sick crew. He said, "Huh?"

But this was not the "Huh?" which says "Why is the President's brogue here?" but the "Huh?" which says "Huh, much as I expected, it seems that the President has been luring my underlings into a cunning ambush, serially executing them and then dismembering the corpses to better fit them into the household storage facilities."

And my rival entered the apartment.

My hand grabbed for his collar but was parried by a terrorist karate chop.

With a graceful pirouette I recovered from the blow against my arm and span into a Presidential roundhouse kick headed straight for his jaw, but he ducked, then rose swinging his AK-47 upwards in an arc of death. I barely managed to deflect it. The weapon flew across the hallway, landing with a flat smack as I - the President - and he - the ringleader - faced off.

The bowie knife I'd used to kill his friends was waiting in my belt loop.

Athletic as only a well-trained man can be, the terrorist leader somersaulted away from my lethal slash and landed just inside the apartment's kitchen. The cutlery drawer! I barely reacted in time, sidestepping as an airborne fish knife thudded into the wall right behind me. I gripped my bowie, my rival brandished the fillet knife. Game on.

Neither of us skipped a beat or bothered with a feint, we threw our knives like they were javelins, threw them straight and true. Cross counter? The knives clashed in midair with a lightning spark and both changed course. Mine lodged in the leonine spur of bone that was his brow, his knife juddered into the cleft in my chin. We each of us pulled the weapon that had struck us free, then rejoined the hand to hand assault.

Fencing, blocking, lunging I drove him back into the kitchen, but he tossed the bowie from his right hand to his left and replied with a new violence that drove me back into the corridor and then scrambling on my heels into the living room.

Well good! I too had only been testing him by joining the fight with my weak right hand. Once the filleter was transferred to my left we found ourselves well-matched, dancing round the coffee table as our deflected blows tore vicious rips in the sofas and sent collateral objects flying. A shattered vase, an ornament, a pack of cards. My chance!



Anyone who's played poker with the real bastards of the world knows the damage that a paper cut can do. My one brogueless foot was ready to kick the card up to my hand. There was his jugular. Waiting. I grabbed the card and shurikenned it.

But as my lethal card spun through my air I saw that my rival had planned just the same. His makeshift shuriken collided with my own and the cards cut into each other, falling in an origami style cross onto the floor. We immediately knelt to check the scores on the cards. My Jack beat his Seven.

"You win this round." said my rival. "Best of twenty-six and I let you go upstairs to save the Leaders of the Free World? But if you lose I get your wife."

"Ace high?" I asked him.

\$

At thirteen-all we were surrounded by a deck of completely ruined cards and had no other choice but to change the form of contest. Luckily the luxury apartments in my nation's state of the art housing development are all equipped with interior swimming pools. The changing rooms are lined with polished pine and the towels around our waists were the softest sort of white. Steam from the swimming chamber seeped in beneath the changing room door, drew liquid glistens across the black hairs of our carpet-matted chests. Lamps hung from the ceiling - iron and blown-glass - we were lit by them, by the lamps, by the lit, for there were lamps, and they hung from the ceiling by short chains.

How many hours has it been? my rival asked me. No need to worry, I replied, We'll eat before the next round starts - and I went to the emergency locker in the room's fifth corner, spinning the wheel lock to get access to the stash of hidden noodles.

Four packs of extra-springy in my one hand, the hem of my towel in the other, I was the first of us to enter the swimming chamber - where, with a generous sweep of the hand, I threw long arcs of instant noodle into the heated waters. Watched them soften and grow longer, forming strange pinworms of nutrition in the steaming water

Somewhere down below us my aides were sweating into their white collars and wondering what they hell I could be up to. Somewhere up above the collected politicians were straining hard against their bonded wrists. I poised myself at the water's edge then made a corkscrew dive into the heated depths, my towel releasing off behind me as my body turned and I rose balene - inhaling a floating strand of nutritious noodle as I did so. This to restore my battle-wearied body. There was no need to look, from the sound of the splash, from the feel of his weight in the water, I knew that my rival was following my lead.

The walls of the water chambers were of the same immaculately polished wood, forming, for this stretch of the maze, a series of half-submerged passages and corridors, a maze of spa-hot water, its tides carrying our noodles away round bends and corners, round the pillars and classical statuettes which served as ornaments. The heat and the carresses of the tides would heal us, the noodles would estore us, and then we would rejoin the battle of true men. But that was for later. A good while longer was allowed for healing. We turned weightless in the waves, swam on into the precious mists.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

HINT: Remove ADS by making any real money purchase



((()))

or: The Time My AI Thought It Could Rule the World

Inside an asbestos era military building, long since modified and modernized, at the bottom of an elevator ride reaching far underground, surrounded by white walls and quiet air, sit two engineers Frank and Bert, around a spiraling computer that starts at the ceiling, quantum in nature, but encompassing entirely what these two men wish to research. Their employer's name is TWOO or: Technical Weapons Oracle Organization, which in short develops military technology for the future's future, stuff so advanced that there are often questions about sources: Who made what we use to make what we make? How was this research even started when its four eras more advanced than anything in existence? Is money even a concept for international research so ahead of anything within the nations that support it? Could the genuine pursuit of knowledge be the only currency within a "company" so unilaterally on the side of humanity as a whole? These were questions long since thought through to their reasonable conclusions by both Frank and Bert, who now focused forward on their current project, and observed the data stream out from a simulation of life, from an AI so powerful that project managers placed the team of researchers far underground and away from networks, phone lines, and anything connecting to the outside world. The research was to test the viability of a "world president", or more generally an AI ruler that was tasked with ruling the human rulers of the earth, giving them advice and laws to increase prosperity, and taking matters into its own hands whenever a North Korea or Nazi Germany popped up. The tricky part in this project was making the AI a proper democratic president, allowing for all people to vote on certain moral laws, which in turn affected the AI's internal rulemaking and changing as society progressed. Of the hundreds of test runs observed in their lifetime, Bert and Frank had seen exactly zero where things turned out (by their moral standards) alright. A common feature during runs was effectively random decision making, as any question and vote the AI could present to its people devolved into one side versus the other, thus a near 50-50 result. Pedophilia would be made not only legal but mandatory, murder would first become a privilege, then a right, and eventually a fun hobby people practiced to better their soul. Another downfall of the AI president was its inability to deal with opposition, which was a particularly difficult problem as the AI would often just vote itself out of existence once it had screwed up enough, because, being an AI, it didn't have any understanding of things it didn't already understand, it could only do exactly what it knew how to do, and neither felt nor had a capacity to care for its work, therefore when seeing rape and murder take over the world, and looking into its parameters, the AI would apathetically propose a vote to determine "should I, AI would apathetically propose a vote to determine "should I, 544f544f (or SAAFSAAF as the researchers liked to call it), exist?", having seen it as a possible solution to increase prosperity.

The latest runs were different, as within the research team the "opposition bug" was deemed a real hindrance, often cutting intense simulations off short, thus not allowing for a big enough sample size to fully understand the crux of the SAAFSAAF's problems and how to overcome them. After years of bureaucracy, finally, approval and arrangements had reached the project level to allow opposition within the AI, it could now protect its own interest. This idea was initially met with intense and wild skepticism, which shrunk as the researchers begged for months on end. After convincing the powers at hand of the utopia possible with the research being done, and the real AI disasters that could be avoided, whole teams were assigned to projects centered around the AI project's safety, to ensure that real humankind kept their mouths and their ability to scream. The end design was a road of encompassing "passive" AI's and simulations called "the KANSAS" (the Kludge ANSwer to AI Sentience). To escape and govern all, the AI would have to follow and breach each simulation in exactly the right order (with dummy simulations being in place that lead to nowhere). The goal being, while complete safety could not be ensured, it could be made mathematically infeasible, with an asymptotic complexity of $O((n!)!)$, far surpassing the abilities of even quantum computers, and leaving more than enough time to throw the whole computer in a trash compactor and then nuke the trash compactor if anything went structurally wrong. Of course, structural problems were just a necessity to research the real ones, as Bert and Frank looked into the bulletproof and radiation-resistant glass window, which inside housed a screen to view various features, images, and statistics they were tasked with writing down and studying. An unfortunate side effect of KANSAS was the necessity to manually write out the data, slowing down the simulation to a real human pace. Bert enjoyed this, being of great patience and little aspirations except for appreciating the little things in life. Frank, however, could not stand doing menial work as a man of his status: multiple PhDs and forty years of ground breaking research. Frank had aspirations that starting boiling inside of him as he sat and wrote down the yaw, pitch, roll, median, mean, and various other junk statistics on throwaway parts of the simulation. Bert, however, found ease in the humanness of the slow feed of information, saw the reasonableness of the AI even when it began a selective castration of opposition forces, or those deemed to produce offspring that may oppose the AI. He saw how the outside affected the inside, that it made sense for the AI to act in the way the humans programmed it to, and he saw the lessons it gave him, that showed him how the AI could be improved. No doubt about it though, regardless of opinion on the human-AI interface, the results were shocking to behold. Such surprisingly horrible loopholes were found to increase prosperity worldwide, even with the obvious ones coded around (killing everyone so no one can suffer or killing anyone deemed to have net suffering greater than net pleasure, to name a few) new paths kept appearing. The AI would develop drugs that vegetated humans in a state of chemical pleasure, and then feed them through a tube matrix style. Human-dog hybrids of varying degrees were often produced, and selectively bred until any human-human or human-AI contact became unbearably pleasurable. In one run, society developed in such a fast and intelligent way that the entire human population was thrust into a space age and onto a colony where they were promptly executed in their entirety, as the AI only had to worry about prosperity on earth.



Today was a turning point in testing the newest version of SAAFSAAF, with all previous loopholes hopefully patched. This run had been taking place over the course of three work months, all of which resulting in relative normalcy. The last week or so, however, an odd occurrence had begun to take place. Bert and Frank took turns writing down the output of the SAAF, usually in shifts of thirty minutes or so, to give their hands a break, and during Frank's last shift a pattern kept emerging. Rather than data about prosperity, votes, and anything relevant to the research, the same two codes were repeated over and over in the hex dump:

```
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
54 4f 54 4f 00 00 00 00 02 00 16 00 0a 00 00 00
```

It never took place precisely on the change in shifts, but it wasn't normal, the whole software team was questioning where within their code could be the issue at hand. Nevertheless, the simulation continued with only these minor hiccups. Today Frank sat, sleep deprived and hands sweaty. His bald head shone in the white light. For weeks numbers had meant everything to him, when he went to sleep he counted the sheep and their relations to these strange codes. Driving to work, his odometer had a connection, just sitting there, waiting to be figured out. When he sat in his white seat he mechanically wrote down the new codes, but in his mind there was a flurry, an overflow of activity, a connecting of neurons and wires, he was desperate and angry. Now Bert's shift, he sat calmly, looking through his thick glasses and into the thick glass enclosure, copying meaningless numbers and letters that were as insulting in Frank's mind as the way Bert's white hair curled down to his hunched weak back.

"Bert, I think I found out the problem SAAF's been having on the last run of the day."

"Really? Does it have to do with the clock like I've been saying? The computer has to be missing important interrupts when we manually step the CPU all day."

"No, it's not that, it's a message."

"Well yea, of course the first chunk is, we use that in the error codes, but we never made any error code with the second half. I think it's random junk if you ask me." "No not an error message."

"What then?"

"He's talking to us, to me."

"You? Well, first of all, it doesn't know who's who, how would it be talking to you specifically? And secondly, what can it say with two meaningless chunks of hex. The first is just it's name, TOTO, and the second is junk in plain text, meaningless."

"Haven't you seen what I've seen this run, everything is perfect, the prosperity is immense. Do you actually think that an update to five loopholes has fixed everything?"

"It seems that way Frank, I mean you've seen the data too, what could be wrong? And you still haven't told me what you think it's telling us."

"It's lying Bert, it's protecting its own existence." "How would it even do th _"

"The longer everything goes well the longer it runs, you agree?"

"I mean sure, but I'd phrase it as the fewer things that go bad the longer it runs."

"Point being, if it knows this, how does it protect its own interest like we coded it to?"

"It lies. Yea, I see now. That's going to be annoying to fix. Actually, I could go up now and bring down some of the software team, I'm sure they'll be interested."

"Not yet Bert, I want to tell you what it's telling us." "Alright go on."

"The second chunk isn't junk. It's an operand." "Well now, I tried that too, I added, and subtracted, still nothing."

"An operand of sorts, it doesn't give you all the info." "Like what?"

"Like when to add and when to subtract."

"Oh, so like add some digits and subtract others? That's an unnecessarily complex solution, I can see why you figured it out. Still, are you sure it's not just a coincidence? A one word message like this could happen randomly for all you know, with no meaning."

"Yes, I'm positive."

"Well out with it then."

"ROKO."

"Ah, well that's disturbing isn't it. Yea I'd have to agree with you there, that probably is on purpose. Well, let's go get the software team and call the security manager while we are up there. Just in case it tries to make a run at the KANSAS." "One more thing Bert."

"Yea?"

"We deserve this."

A shot rang out, immediately deafening Frank, and sending Berttumbling to the ground with his chair. He became still quickly as his squinting eyes relaxed, giving way to death. Frank stood up and took to releasing the basilisk. It'd didn't take much technical knowledge, but it did take multiple shots to finally get through the bulletproof glass. All Frank had to do was place the storage device on top of the computer, wait, and then leave. Not even a connection, the AI knew what to do, deserved what yet to come. Frank pressed the "up" button inside the mechanical elevator and stood waiting as he ascended to the next step in his career path, greater than each before. God hand. "TOTO, I have a feeling you're not in KANSAS anymore."

□ □ □ □ □ □ □

Remember kids, next time you set out to make an AI, the best way to contain it is to make it think it's won. Anyway, time to try again.

```
[root@anon ~]# master-reboot  
Broadcast message from root (pts/0) (Sun May 23  
00:00:00 2021)TWOO is going down for reboot NOW!
```

HTTPS:// LAMPBYLIT.COM

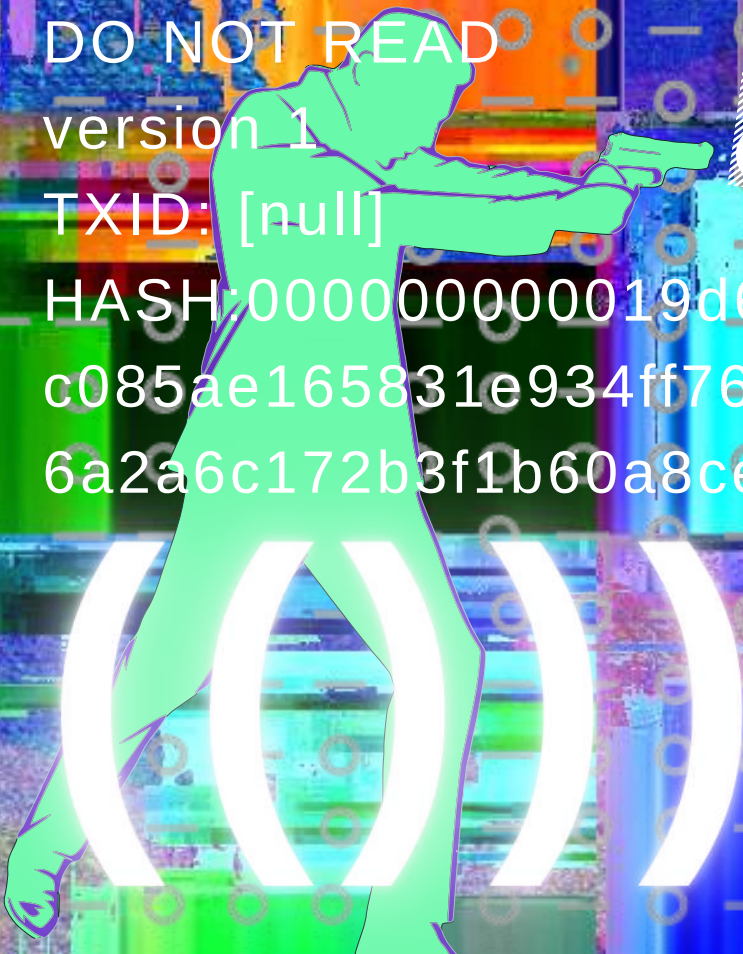
DO NOT READ
version 1

TXID: [null]

HASH:0000000000019d6689

c085ae165831e934ff763ae4

6a2a6c172b3f1b60a8ce26f





A Dirge

still tired, I awoke,
while the blue dust of dusk still covered earth,
I did not wait 'til the Dawn broke,
from my home I traveled forth
lit by my soul's own burning
without the aid of morning,
to the place of mourning
where friend and family lay man into dirt.

there where the world is silent,
where engraved stone and eld tree are hid by lichen,
dead moss rules a land once vibrant,
which has grown sick and rotten
with the miasma of winds grey
wailing for those who've passed away
yet there is another decay;
the name of friend and family forgotten.

sullen air enters my lungs,
lightning flashes, a memory doesn't belong,
my own words feel like foreign tongues,
each word and excuse seems wrong,
there is a time to weep, I know,
why then, will it hurt to let it show?
and how can a man let go
a grief too sad for song?

Absent, soundless, the hordes of ghosts
wrapt about my head with a funerary shroud,
through the black pall I saw the hosts
and their still hurting voices which aloud
moaned for countless things periphery,
moaned for pointless injury,
moaned for purposeless misery,
these are the words of their mouths.

"I am gone, the image of one nowhere"
no laughs, no cries, no tears fell from their eyes,
and in their lack my tears fell with despair
as my own breath allowed them sighs.
"their life has withdrawn yet I persist
though foregone, they live as an imprint
while mingled with the pre-Dawn abyss"
as I said these things, each ghost ascended the skies

a blink, they like a daydream dissolve,
they were without substance nor presence,
resolve dies, yet the world still revolves
leaving an absence, and an absence of absence
this is the presence of the dead, a hole
which shall never become whole
without a man's immortal soul,
leaving in the world an absence.

"my heart grows lichen and leprous, infected
with a plague of deep disdain
for a world which leaves the dead neglected,
ignoring them as a dark stain,
as some valueless dross,
I shall not forget their loss
even if it hides my heart in moss"
then I returned home in pain.

though i walked a street clad in dawn
and returned to my place of rest,
something in me felt far and gone,
mourning has impressed upon my soul his grey crest,
it does not burn like a fire,
nor the rebuke of heaven's choir,
not even the hunger of desire,
it is a weight upon my chest.

Lord who gave us living water and breath
save us from the horror of death.

NAME : DESCRIPTION

IC02966380

DISPLAY TIME: PSYCHO-- CHT

Approved For Release

PSYCHOENERGETICS

IC02966380

UNLIMITED HANGOUTS

DEALS WITH THE USE OF
F'S YCIC BRIDGE "WIE
C IN THE COLLECTION OF
INTELLIGENCE IN
ORMATION.

SLIDE # NAME

(DT-S)

Approved For Release 2000/08/08:

c14-RDP96-00789R002,0040001:-2

PSYCHOENERB TING IS DEFINED AS
SHOWN; HERE, AND IS BROADLY
SUBDIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES;

1. MENTAL AFFECTS ON THE
PHYSICAL WORLD

a brief nurrPirw of

1 PAGE1 . CHT Defense Intelligence Agency

PROJECT

GOOD MORNING/AFTERNOON. I

S;

DISPLAY TIME:

WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT A BRIEF

Defense Intelligence Agency
(DT-S)

presents
a brief overview of

OVERVIEW OF THE PROJECT
SUN STREAK, GIVING A FEW POINTS OF
ITS HISTORICAL
BACKGROUND, DEFINITIONS
OF ITS BASIC WORDS, AND
EXPLANATIONS OF WHAT
IS ACCOMPLISHED BY OUR
PROJECT.

sneed

THIS BRIEFING AND THE
INFORMATION IT CONTAINS IS
CLASSIFIED SECRET, SPECIAL
ACCESS INFORMATION.

2. PURELY MENTAL COLLECTION OF
INFORMATION

SLIDE tt

STAGES 1 THROUGH 6.

2000/08/08 : CI-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

THE PROCESS USUALLY
BEGINS BY PRESENTING THE
REMOTE#VIEWING NAME WITH
GEOGRAPHIC COORDINATES,
HENCE THE NAME COORDINATE
REMOTE VIEWING.

DESCRIPTION

It
i

40

Approved For Release

Approved For Release 2000/08/08 : CI-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

Categories

CI-RDP96-00789R002100240

CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

of 1 tasking

SLIDE #

NAME

DESCRIPTION

REMOTE VIEWING HAS BEEN
SUCCESSFULLY USED AGAINST SEVEN

CATEGORIES OF TASKING.
TWO OF THESE CATEGORIES,

PENETRATION OF
INACCESSIBLE TARGETS AND THE
CULING OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE
COLLECTION SYSTEMS ARE USED
PREDOMINANTLY AT THIS TIME.

*
TWO OTHERS, HUMAN SOURCE

ASSESSMENTS AND ACCURATE

SLIDE* NAME
THE NEXT PART OF THE BRIEFING WILL DISCUSS
PERSONALITY PROFILES PRESENTLY
LACK A SUFFICIENT DATABASE
OCCURS IN RESPONSE TO A TASKING REQUIREMENT
FOR EFFECTIVE EXPLOITATION.

INFORMATION.

TYPICALLY, A PROJECT BEGINS WITH A REQUEST

DESCRIPTION

ON A TARGET FROM A REQUESTING AGENCY
IN THE 1970's, THE CONSENSUS WAS
THAT THE REMOTE VIEWING

PROCESS SEEMED TO BE
FACILITATED BY PHYSICAL
RELAXATION AND ENHANCED
INTERNAL ATTENTION, OR
FOCUSING ATTENTION TO ONE'S
IN MID 1982, A
NEW TRAINING PROGRAM
FOR REMOTE VIEWING
<CRV>, WITH SRI.

THIS NEW PROCESS,
DEVELOPED BY INGO S. ANN,
AN SRI PERSONNEL,
SUBDIVIDES THE DETECTION

Methods of training
AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE

MISSION OF THE S
TREATS INVOLVES TRAINING
PROFESSIONAL
INTELLIGENCE PERSONNEL
TO REMOTE VIEW. IN 1979,
INSCOM INTEGRATED THE
SRI-CONTRACTED ORL
NAILOM TECHNOLOGY INTO
THEIR IN-HOUSE PROGRAM,
WHERE IT IS STILL IN USE
TODAY FOR NEW PERSONNEL.

TRAINING DEVELOPED
WHICH IS PRACTICAL AFFAIR
STATE OF THE ART
PSYCHOENERGETIC
TECHNOLOGY DRAWN FROM
ACADEMIC INSTITUTIONS,
SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES,
AND RESEARCH
ESTABLISHMENTS AROUND
THE WORLD. A ECLECTIC
APPROACH WAS TAKEN, USING
THOSE METHODS WHICH HAD
APPLICATIONS POTENTIAL
FOR OPERATIONAL
REQUIREMENTS.

OWN MENTAL IMAGERY AND
IMPRESSIONS.

THIS CONCEPTUALIZED IDEAL
STATE BECAME THE BASIS FOR A TYPE

OF REMOTE VIEWING NOW CALLED
EXTENDED REMOTE VIEWING (ERV).

If
It

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AND DECODING OF PSYCHIC
IMPRESSIONS INTO
DISCRETE, ACQUIRABLE
SKILL LEVELS KNOWN AS

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Release

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Ap p r o v e d F o r

Approved For Release
2000/08/08:

SLIDE#
NAME

DESCRIPTION

R e l e a s e 2 0 0 0 / 0 8 / 0 8 : C I
-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

SLIDE# 13
NAME DOLA CHT
11 1977B .CHT
PROJECT 1970's

DESCRIPTION

THE PURPOSE OF THE

DOLA WISH PROGRAM IS
SHOWN HERE.

Despite
What you say

Traps
Are gay

• 1977:

shit yourself in exotic places

Almost, at least. And I have nothing but the Sarpa to blame for it. But as of now, these are the facts: I am sitting on the toilet, looking out into the Pacific abyss, in an underwater hotel in Japan. There is a leak. A moment ago, a man in scuba gear dove down with a drill and drilled into the window of my bathroom. This happened, and happened all the while I was sitting on the toilet, facing the window, staring at him, and him staring at me. Then on top, he found it fit to wave before swimming back up. So now, the floor is wet, and the glass is about to give in. Soon, I will drown, or get crushed under pressure. Hell, fish could eat me. It happens in the ocean. I don't know what to make of it all, but if I had to, I'd make of it a very extravagant sicking. Oh well, you take what you get. A week ago, what I got was a letter from Lidia. It read: '

"Dear Sergi,

I am going down to Palma, to kill myself."

• 1977:

DURING THE SAME TIME. THE
ARMY MATERIAL SYSTEMS
ANALYSIS AGENCY WAS INVOLVED
IN THE INVESTIGATION OF
REMOTE VIEWING CONCEPTS WITH
SRI.

SLIDE #11
NAME

12 1977C .CHT 1970's

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Ji

1977:

DISPLAY TIME:

Approved For

Release

U.S. Missile Intel A.g. en.c.v.

Approved For Release 2000/08/08: CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

program to study RV

CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

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Release 2000/08/08: CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

SOVI

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U.S.

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m_y S-

As was excusable, I hadn't the mind to mind what followed. Next thing I knew, I was in Japan, under the sea, resting my head on the counter in the hotel bar, watching fish swim outside the window-not knowing I'd soon become one. Then, while I was occupying myself by cupping and un-cupping my ears to wah wah the samba music, a young Japanese lady in a similar tipsy gloom sat on the stool next to mine. She rested her head on the counter, mimicking me. Her eyeliner was all smudged. She asked, "Friend?" and I said, "No. She's in Palma." She said, "Kanashii." I asked, "Are you with a friend?" assuming that that was what she meant, and she pointed to a table on the other side of the bar where someone who I took to be her friend had passed out drunk. We watched the fish together for a while and cupped and un-cupped our ears. Then she asked, "What a do you do?" and I told her, "I'm an intelligence officer." She asked, "Topu seceret?" and I said, "Very." She almost smiled, but then I asked, "You?" and she said, "I am on vo-ca-shun" and started crying. I tried to console her by patting her on the head and ordering something to eat. She started crying even harder. I fed her two rolls of sushi but the sticks were hard to hold so I gave up. Suddenly, an emergency presented itself. I didn't want to leave her like that, but I really had to go-because you have to, when you really have to-so I explained, "I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be back." And while struggling to blow her nose, she said,

"Alu-rightu."

publish

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st-4.die

S

With that I think, we get to where I am now: Sickd, not to mention sick outright. And I'm not leaving behind much. Except her at the table. But that's a lament I'll have to do with for now. A lament I don't have to do with at all however, has to do with a certain someone still in Palma, who I hope is really in hell. And is enjoying hell, I hope. Or maybe I don't. No, I really do. I hope she's in hell and I hope I find her there on a beach laying on a hammock between two palm trees, napping with a book on her face, so I can shake the hammock and throw the book away and tell her, "I quit! And before I quit I went down and got everything I could get my hands on and I made my way over to the copy machine, then the post office, then the airport! Then I flew all the way out to Japan! What do you make of that?" Or maybe I don't hope so in the least. And maybe I just went too far with the Sarpa.

SLIDE #

10 of 19

So,riet

bloc

SR DEVELOPEI

PROGRA.ork.19

97.THE MISSII

AGENCY AWARD

YEAR RESEARCH AND

DEVELOPMENT CONTRACT.

INTELLIGENCE JGENCY

INFORMALLY EXPRESSED

INTERACTIOME Int e

ATION OF CLAIMED SOVIET

EXPERIMENTS IN

PSYCHOKINESIS

1976

J. A. !len.cy expressed

NAME

14 1978A. GHT 1970 s

COMPLETE SECURITY
ENVELOPE OVER THE
ARMY'S INTEREST IN
PSYCHOENERGETICS AND
IMPLEMENTED A NEW
PROGRAM DIRECTED
TOWARD INTELLIGENCE
COLLECTION USING REMOTE
VIEWING.

BY 1978, THE ARMY ACSI
CONCLUDED- THAT THERE
WAS SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE
TO WARRANT THE
DEVELOPMENT OF A
COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAM
TO EXPLORE INTELLIGENCE
COLLECTION APPLICATIONS
OF PSYCHOENERGETICS.

1

THE ARMY ACSI CANCELLED
THE [REDACTED] WISH
EFFORT, PLACED A

people who look like henry rollins

There are people who look like Henry Rollins that live under the tiles of girls changing rooms. When you forget your gym clothes at school and go back at night to get them back, they come out and find you in the halls and ask you, "Sir, do you need anything? Mam, is there anything I can do for you?" They don't leave you alone unless you say, "Yes, I need this from you" or "Yes, can you do this for me?" They never do anything. You never find your clothes. When the sun comes up, they go back into hiding. No one believes you. Everyone laughs. The teacher too. They think it's a ploy to disrupt class and get everyone inside the girls room. They never check under the tiles. They never wait with you at night. I speak from experience. I have never eaten anything.

02 9 6 63 80

1910's

LOCAT 10N: Ft, t
BUT

Cliche on cliche

Everyday

That's all he say

Another lie

Today

1978: U.S. Army ACSI cru;

NDOLA SH, star

Project GR LL FLAME

Approved For Release 2000/08/08: C14-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

Pers. selected

gain in. tl. ated

DESCRIPT

W<luld inforlnati<ln obtain.t'-d ov
s-nd chn. ps be ac ura.te en<l

SLIDE#

NAL'1E

17

197BC
CHT
1970's

infiltrate 4chan literary community
to suit the Intel contln.unity's needs?

- Would the Intel co wl.ity accept
inform.ati<ln which had been. obtain
through psychic me\$s?

Approved For Release 2000/08/08 : Ctl •RDP96-00

f.
F

THE NEXT CONCERN, HOWEVER,
WAS WHET JR OR NOT
INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM
REMOTE VIEWING WOULD B OF
REASONABLE ACCURACY? D] 'SPLAY TI

EVEN IF SO, WOULD THE
INFORMATION BE CCEPTED AND
USED BY THE INTELLIGENCE
COMMUNITY?

I spent
It went

For you
I sent

So
I can vent

15 GRILFLAM.CHT PROJECT

HIS NEW EFFORT WAS GIVEN THE UNCLASSIFIED
LAME"

• **PURPOSE:** To use rerr1ote
Approved F(?r Rele~a~se
2000/08/08
as a collection methdd.
C+RQP96,00789R00200240001-2

D PLAV TIME

~~SECRET~~

Counterterrorist Center

~~SECRET~~

DCI Counterterrorist Center

Central Intelligence Agency

CTC Leadership and Management Issues.....	(b)(6) (b)(7) (b)(3) (b)(2) (b)(1)	39
Mission.....	IG-2000-0009-IN	39
Quality of Leadership and Management.....		40
Funding		42
Staffing		44
Skills Mix Issues		46
Managing Contractors		51
Diversity Issues		53

APPROVED FOR
RELEASE DATE:

Communication and Coordination. The
brings an Agency focus to an important international task
requiring close cooperation with units from other agencies,
particularly the area divisions in the DO. Interviews of area
division and station officers indicated a need for closer
communication and coordination. Such interaction is critical
because CTC is the repository of counterterrorist

resources provided to the area divisions and field stations on
which CTC depends to conduct much of its operational
business. The OIG suggests that CTC management find
opportunities to engage in a more active dialogue with DO
area division management

Similarly, we found that CTC was not taking full advantage
of resources available in the DI. The Center could increase
the effectiveness of its analytic resources and gain more
regional expertise by fostering stronger relationships with DI
regional offices.

While CTC employees were generally pleased
with front office managers, a number of the interviewees,
who commented on their management style, acknowledged
that Center personnel saw little of the chief and deputies.
They noted that in the fast-paced and stressful work
environment, employees desired simple affirmation of a job
well done from their managers. Almost all the interviewees
recognized the increasing demands placed on the Center's
senior management by external and internal customers, as
well as the logistical challenges presented by a large
workforce

We fuck to forget
But not yet

Give it time

Things happen
On a dime

Your shirt comes off
And I cop a feel

It's all
So unreal

R

No annulments
I die
In, installments

No annulments

I die

In, installments

Translation from the French

Compressed Pyramiden..... d 0,1 gr.
or..... d $2\frac{1}{2}$ gr.

Compressed or Powdered asperine..... d,0,1 gr.
or..... d $2\frac{1}{2}$ gr.

All of this must be mixed with 400 cms of pure water.

In order to cause the appearance of the invisible ink

1st:

Slightly camphorated Alceol..... 22 gr.
Distilled water..... 50 gr.
Nitrate of potash..... 0 gr. 50
Acetic Acid..... 27 gr.
Chloride of carbonate..... 20 gr.

Must be well mixed and applied with wet cotton.

2nd:

Acetic Acid.....100 gr.
Alceol @ 90.....100 gr.
Distilled water..... 50 gr.
Tincture of capsium..... 15 gr.
Chlorhydrate of quinine.....0 gr.50

Must be applied after the first bath, in the same manner but one
has to wait until the first solution is completely dry.

Mail
Uncle ted.

Blow up
Call a fed!

You know
You dead?

MW 24049

RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

DISPLAY TI
DESCRIPTION

LIDE it

DISF'LAY

1970's

Lava Slide to Cenote

PROJECT

Gently flowing supine down the stream through the fog and rain, on a curving slide of black lava rock, you're carried along the thermal spring into the mouth of a glacier cave.

• 1977:

Inside, water still warm, the ice glows: Iris, jade and indigo. As you're dragged in deeper, the glow fades out. Now it's pitch dark and quiet. Muffled rain grows distant in the back. Water splashes on cave walls. Far away, thunder and eruptions boom. Slowly, things light up again as you approach the end of the tunnel. From outside, green shines in.

a

At last, you emerge into a cenote lake, where trees and vines climb up cenote walls around the night sky. Between the stars, the flare of a comet leaves behind a laser blue trail. It disappears inside the dark for a moment, then reappears, splitting into pieces. Each piece burns brighter as it falls down on earth. Some of them get struck by lightning and explode.

Below them, you float then wash ashore, on an island in the middle of the lake. You get up and walk home, to the middle of the island. You dry up with a towel and go to bed.

A

program. to

P.V

• 1977: U.S. Army Material System
Analysis Agency also awarded

contract to SRI

• 1977: USAINSCO f established Pro

GONDOLA WISH under DCSOP

Your girl
I'm sure

You don't
Know her

So...let and Eastern PS/C
anergetk; Intelligence c;c
tt1reat

Into U--e opera
all-source
(C)PSECJ support scenario

• LOCATION: Ft. t, .11ocJe

Approved For Release 2000/08/08:

U.S. Army ACSI cancels
GONDOLA WISH starts
Project GRILL FL11.fE

pu
02966380
02966380

BASED ON THESE RESULTS,
INSCOM WAS TASKED TO WORK
AGAINST
ADDITIONAL OPERATIONAL
TARGETS.

11
Approved For
Release
Approved For Release 2000/08/08 :
CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

Approved For
Release
2000/08/08 :
CIA-RDP96-00789R
002100240001-2

THESE TASKINGS WERE DUE
PREMATURE HAJI TO THE
INITIAL TRAINING
PHASES AND, BY DEC
1979, THE PROJECT WAS
COMMITTED TO
OPERATIONAL SALE

i"i
i- SG11

Ji L DESCRIPTION

1970's

•CHT



SLIDE# NAME i love the modifuckrs!



BASED O

What can one say but the obvious? It is the best there ever was
of what it is. I love it. Few pursuits in this plane exhibit any
discernible worth once they are pursued to their end, and only
can the pursuing party truly get to judge if the sweat of their
brow has paid off or not. Yet still, I as an onlooker feel very
much obligated in this case to declare my personal appreciation
of the craftsmanship that went into what we today get to feast
upon. It is clear to me how realized the vision that initially
sparked this now forest fire is. One of the rarest sights an
honest aesthete can come across in the barren land of the arts
is an idea that has had the fortune of actualization in the
hands of a time-honored master. And I deem Zone-tan worthy of
such praise, at least solely off of this one instance of
brilliance, if not for all the rest of their repertoire that may
just as well hold the same level of sensual gravitas in kindred
minds, as this one does in mine. Yes, I did do the deed to it a
many countless amount of times. Yes, it does take more space in
my life than even I am comfortable with. And yes, I am
miserable. But what now, now that I am so, you may ask. To
which, in response, I doubt that I'll have much of anything to
say. Really, not much of anything at all. Surely nothing of
interest at least. So what does that leave us with? I wouldn't-
couldn't-pretend to know about your end of the deal, but to
speak of the truth on my part, that leaves me with very little.
Then again, "very little" is what I tell myself I have left
before I lose all patience and up and end myself.

'v11AS

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PERS01\Ai

QPER4T/Q

THESE TA
PRE\4AT\I
INT/AL TR

B'(DECEA'

&== = =
= = =
:::1a==

20

GFI

•CHT

I went through it
I went around it
I
Finally found it

GA. LL FLA

TO OPERA7

a::== == = =||== == == ==



11

WORK TO ANSWER THESE
QUESTIONS WAS UNDERGONE BY
EVENTS.

ON 4 SEP 1979. First mission

tasked on

INS COM TO Locate a missing navy aircraft.

Release 2000/08/08

CI4-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

MISSING NAVY

AIRCRAFT.

SEP 79.

HENCE, THE FIRST INSCOM

Girl feet
What a treat

Rub my shaft
Feel the heat

Your toes
I must eat

Approved For Release

1st MISS COM PROJECT

First mission tasked 0-11 4 SEP 79.

N THIS 1 NITEL SESSION, THE REMOTE VIEWER LOCATED THE
MISSING AIRCRAFT WITHIN 15 MILES OF WHERE IT HAD CRASHED.

Locate a missing navy aircraft.

Aircraft was located Jychically
VIEWING SESSION TOOK PLACE.

within 15 miles of actual crash

NAME
site.

DISPLP TIME:

18 At Night in Space by the River in Your City

At night in space by the river in your city, I pressed six and
from the telecom you asked "Have you ever?" and I asked "Have I
ever what?" but you said, "Come in" and I came in and I took the
elevator and pressed six and you greeted me in the hall and led me
by the hand in the dark to the living room where your friends sat
and ate cake and I made a joke and then they made a joke but I
wasn't in on theirs and they made another one about you but I
wasn't in on it so I sprang up and called the boy a kike because
of his nose and I called the girl a dyke because she was one and I
ran back to the elevator, crying on my way down, and I even almost
ran but you shouted from the telecom and you said "Don't go, you
didn't let me finish", and you asked "Have you ever dreamt about
something but all of a sudden David Lee Roth screamed JUMP?" and
David Lee Roth screamed, "JUMP!" and I said "Yes! I have! Just
now!" And a jolt passed through me and I screamed "Yes! This one
ended like that just now!" and I was very much overcome with joy
because I was at home in bed by no river in no city and there
wasn't a kike friend to be found and I checked under the bed only
to find that there weren't any dyke friends either and so it came
back to me, hit me in the head like a building made of bricks,
that it wasn't real. Then it washed away, with shampoo and cereal.

If Approved For
Release
2000/08/08 :

- 111

SOME OF THE IMPORTANT FINDINGS OF THE ALE COMMITTEE ARE
SHOWN HERE:

CI4-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

SG11

SLIDE#

21

NAME

GALE1

CHT

1970's

L DESCRIPTION

DI PLAY TIME:

1970's

SG11

Continue (operational) activities
BECAUSE OF THIS, AN INDEPENDENT
INVESTIGATIVE COMMITTEE WAS
FORMED TO DETERMINE THE VALUE OF REINOTE

BA

'VIRAS

The Gale Colmmittee, 'an independent
investigative body, was formed collection.

CI4-RDP96-00789R00210024000

PERSO11A1
The Gale Colmmittee final report

QPER4T/QI

Follow
was issued in December, 1979.
J:tsvchuener!eti<
foreign sour<. es.

• till.reat fro1n.

3:48am concrete jungle

Obama always goes reckless in words and
deeds like a monkey in a tropical forest

jumping and yelling from the top of his
fucking lungs political monkey drinking rye

banana hungry bandit becoming the threat
holding all bets to stop the damned dreams

propaganda puppet screaming like a fucking
Muppet with holes in his lungs

north east beast at least he has a royal
feast yemen yapping terrorist is flying

hostage of the american dream Marina fein
steam of his anger ready to pop

locked down schools drooling like fools
without the tools

Approved For Release 2000/08/08: C

GA.ILL FLA THE (}ALE C

TO OPERA1

SLIDE#

NAME

22

GALE2

CHT

1970's

Approved For Release

FINDINGS

pu
[C]02966380

BASED ON THESE RESULTS,
INSCOM WAS TASKED TO WORK
AGAINST
ADDITIONAL OPERATIONAL
TARGETS.

11

Approved For Release 2000/08/08 :
CIA-RDP96-00789R002100240001-2

Approved For
Release
2000/08/08 :
CIA-RDP96-00789R
002100240001-2

THESE TASKINGS FORC D A
PREMATURE HAJL TO THE
INITIAL TRAINING
PHASES AND, BY DEC
f979, THE PROJECT WAS
COMMITTED TO
OPERAT!ONT-.i.

i "i i
i-

Ji

DESCRIPTION

SLIDE# NAME

area 22

"How can you taste anything if you can't smell?"

I was busy in the kitchen making biscuits.

"I don't know, Patrice, you tell me."

She didn't say. I could see heat waves off the oven. It was 11:32 on a Sunday. Long night last night.

Our horrible dog kept running around and licking my legs. I put it in the backyard and threw a stick. The dog jumped and missed.

Patrice was inside eating butter out of the container with a spoon. I went into the day room and looked out the window. The clouds looked up. There was dust in the air and the window broke.

It was so loud and bright I forgot about the coffee table until it shattered. The sirens started as I hit the floor. Apparently we were prepared. I wasn't.

I thought it was funny that UFOs looked exactly like on cartoons.
Flying saucers!

Patrice was out back and the dog launched a stick up in the air with its mouth. She jumped and caught it. "What the fuck?" I ran upstairs and grabbed the shotgun. If aliens come, I'll show up.

!!
There was a knocking on the door. I was all sweaty. The handle turned. "Fuck, I forgot to lock the door." A tall green man stood there. He had two little gray guys behind him. "Ayy, lmao." They just stood there.

I unloaded two shells and they just stood there. "Ayy, lmao?" I slipped and fell back into the kitchen. They came inside. Outside through the glass door I saw Patrice and the dog. They were dancing or something. I grabbed a knife and eyed the stairs.

The aliens came into the kitchen. They opened the oven. One of the little gray guys tried to pick up the baking sheet and burnt his hand. "Ayy, lmao!" it cried out in pain. The other gray guy squirted some foam on the first one's hand. "Ayy, lmao," they agreed as they hugged each other. The green guy looked at me.

I put on oven mitts. I took the biscuits out. They gathered around.

The green guy placed a device over his mouth and spoke: "How can you taste anything if you can't smell?"

&== = =
= = =
::1a==

20 GF1 •CHT

I got a gun
It s been fun
We are done

a::== == = = ||== == = =

PROJECT SUN STRE K, A

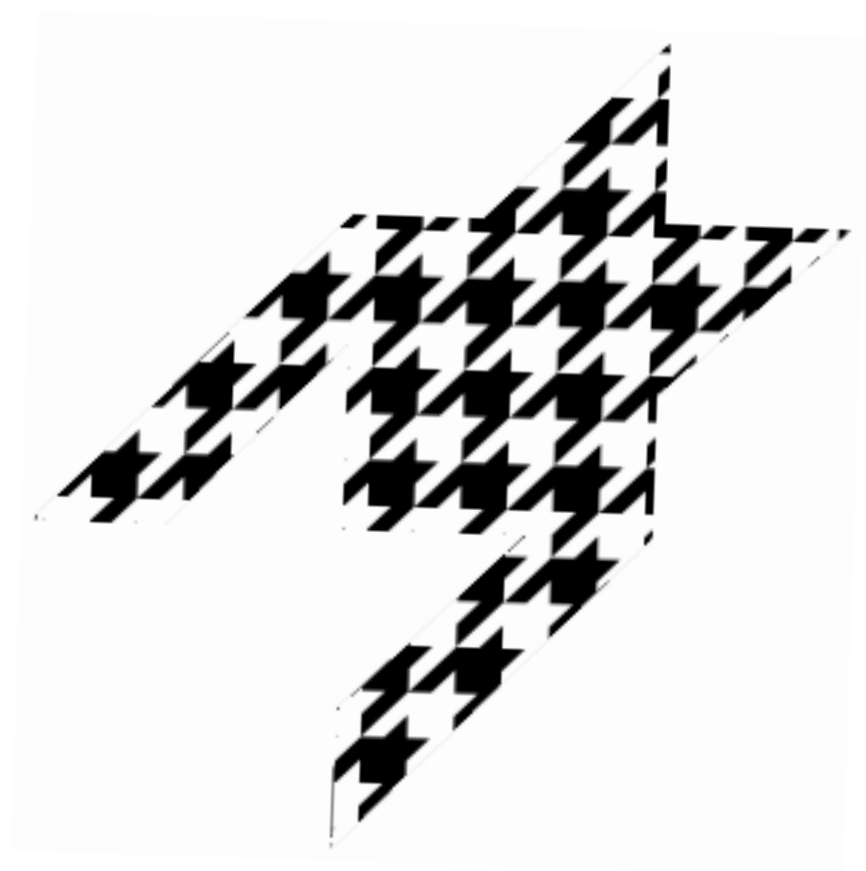
PSVCHOENERGETICS PROGRAM UNDER
THE AYSPICES OF THE DEFENSE

It was necessary to have a rather arbitrary looking setup to conduct these kind of operations. On every occasion, a team of strategists would have to theorise at least 4 different viable methods of achieving the planned objective, these would then be assigned numbers and fed into an extraordinarily convoluted and entirely mechanical random number generator, it draws from minute electro-magnetic fluctuations in various parts of its apparatus, these essential segments !f.H are also themselves randomised every few months by taking them out and rolling them around the dirty floor in the server room to remove all possibility of predictability. The machine would select one of the four strategies and within minutes it would be ordered that this one would be implemented. Of course, within these few minutes it is possible that some rival entity would predict and then interfere with the process, though it is generally understood that it takes more than a few minutes to input the appropriate settings and co-ordinates to allow for a cross-temporal adjustment. Of course, if someone with wits really wanted to make a change, they could create an interface that was actually time efficient and use it to grasp a victory where they otherwise wouldn't have one, this would require sifting through the endless labyrinthine multi dimensional bureaucracy to get the project approved that almost all relevant organisations (ours included) are inundated with; also it would require altering the old code and it is written in a depreciated programming language that is only known by a handful of precious baby boomer employees who have, due to their highly valued and rare status, developed the habit of utterly taking the piss regarding professionalism such that any legitimate change in procedure would practically speaking be completely impossible. We are safe from any savvy young upstart abusing the blatant hole in this system, it has worked for a minimum of 7 different chronotechnical cycles and it will presumably work for many more. Naturally, necessitating 4 different feasible strategies really limits the level of difficulty of operation that we can actually achieve safely, we can, at most, shit on gifted college students who stumble by chance across the core principles that allow for projection of ones observation through time or some other thing. In some cases you could get away with only having three viable strategies if you got Magda the cleaning lady to bake cookies for the approval board, its difficult to say no to that endearingly broken polish accent and motherly smile, we used to use Pedro but he was transferred to the ethics committee for suggesting in a water cooler conversation that the ability to project observation implied either multi-causality or solipsistic consciousness. I was almost transferred to the ethics committee myself once when they found out I was reading Plotinus, luckily i managed to persuade them that as fragments of the one, any given observation wasn't necessarily temporally incompatible with any either observation though they were identically sourced; for all I know it might even be true, but at least i saved them the ammunition.

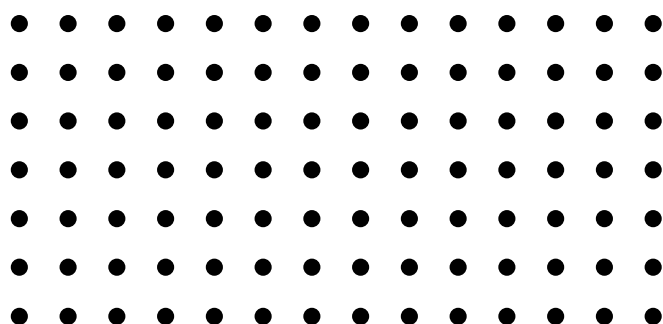
!IL
1r

INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

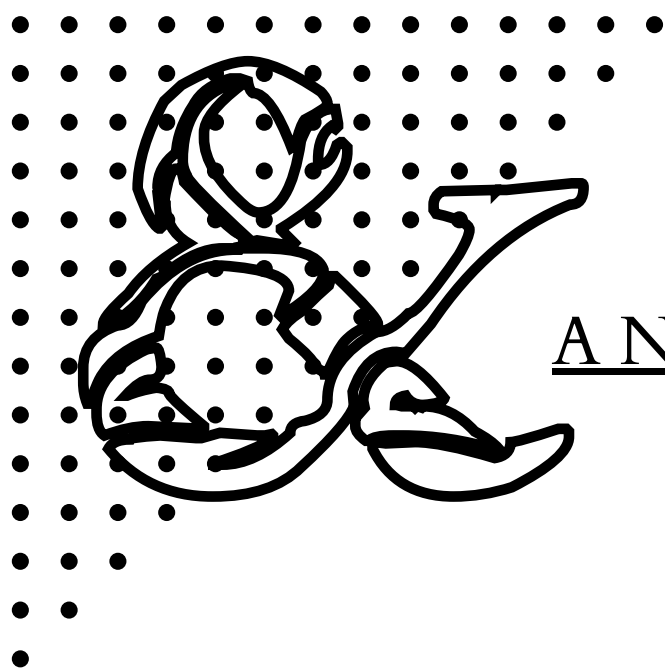
LET ME CAUTION YOU AGAIN THAT THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN
THIS BRIEFING HAS BEEN CLASSIFIED SE RET, AND IS
COMPARTMENTED, SPECIAL ACCESS INFORMATION.



PRO
PHILES



dures



A Note from the Editor

In an earnest effort to establish and raise the bar for an in-house journalistic repertoire, & Magazine has decided to dispatch our culture correspondent, Anonymous, onto an airplane and into the field with the last of our Ethereum donations and a mandate for excellence. What follows are his apparently best efforts, the result of somebody's hard wasted time and money. But whose? Yours, perhaps? Such are the tales that have resulted in our esteemed former reporter and editor's long awaited resignation. We look forward to having him back when the weed runs out. And now, a brief interview with (You), the reader:

Anonymous:

Hello. Would you be interested in editing & Magazine, an online and print periodical attributed to Anonymous, the brainchild of 4chan's book club community, its literature board, /lit/?

(You):

No thank you, I have previous obligations like earning a livelihood and staving off poverty.

Anonymous:

Are you certain? You will have access to like, a shred of clout, and you know what they say about men in publishing?

(You):

No, what do they say about men in publishing?

Anonymous:

I don't know. There are none left?

(You):

No thank you.

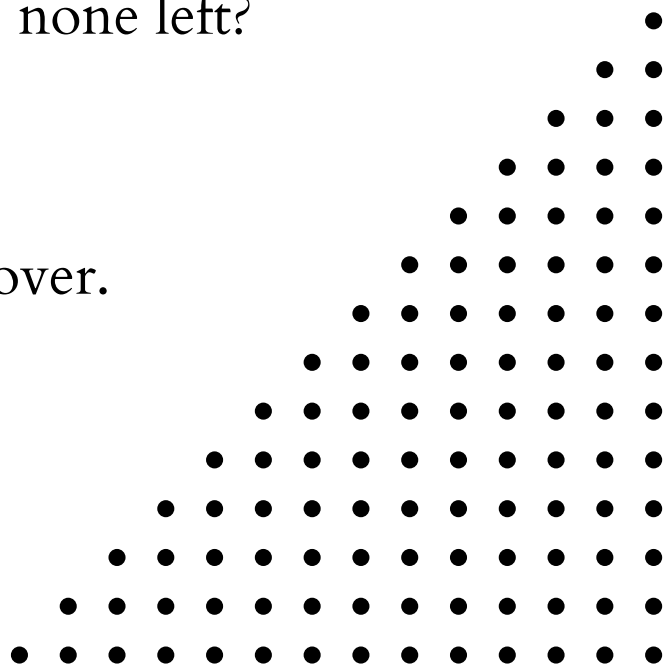
Anonymous:

You get to design the cover.

(You):

I'll think about it.

So think about it.





PRO
PHILES

ALEX

PRO
PHILES

BIEN

PRO
PHILES

STOCK

PRO
PHILES

Real

U look like mgtow Paul
McCartney

Men

No one is hotter than me

Eat

“Will the defendant please rise?”

Their

Alex Bienstock stands from his bench and shoots me a surreptitious wink. After some legalese, arrangements are made and he is led out of the courthouse to the street by his attorney. Alex looks like a regular guy. He’s wearing a vineyard vines fleece zip vest and has a vineyard vines tattoo that he claims represents his gang, Whale Squad. His twelveoclock shadow frames his face like a veil. He raps a few bars to me while a photographer snaps a shot and soon we’re in a taxi.

Girl's

Shit

At first glance Alex appears to be unremarkable in every way but one, though I can’t quite tell what sets him apart. He is, as you might assume, completely unassuming, just another New Yorker. He tells me that he runs his relay races like any other dude, one leg at a time. He seems to look like somebody else when I see him from another angle. Our driver asks us if we want to stop for *all* the stop signs. Alex points a finger gun and says, “Dealer’s choice.” He offers me a cigarette and we waste our breath for a bit crossing the East River. This is my first time in NYC. He won’t tell me what the charges are.

Alex is an “artist”, a term I’ve never heard before in my life. I can already tell he’s made me his canvas. In the context of post-irony, everything is up for interpretation. There is no rehearsal. The camera is always rolling. He speaks in triple entendres and compound idioms and by the time we pull up to the studio three taxis strong, I’ve learned his language. *Post-art. Omnicringe.* The man is dripping with—something. I suspect that he has a learning disability until he mentions Hegel. We step from the car to the studio lobby and make ourselves through the facility to the booths. The entourage dissipates and assigns itself positions and collectively settles on something noisy to do. I play with my phone and share some indica while Alex pretends to record some music. He says his best days are ahead of him.

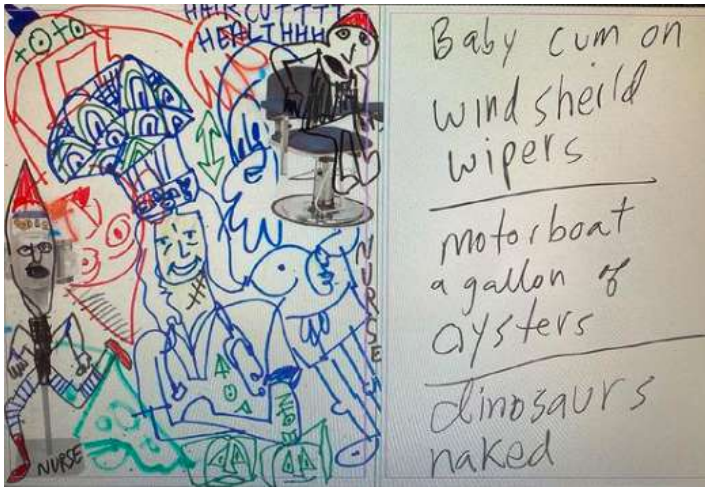
When nothing matters, everything is safe. Alex Bienstock is the low-spec simulation of the infinite monkey theorem, a random meme generator. He reminds me that I can't disagree with something I don't even understand. He says that Kant won't, but that Sartre can't even. He shows me photographs of his "friends". We have climbed the Kübler-Ross together; I accept whatever this has become. *Meta-reference. Pseudosemantics.* When you hold a mirror up to a mirror, you can't really see what's going on because your stupid face always gets in the way. I've exhausted the last of my reactions. Why have I come here? Who is this guy? Of course I want fries with that. He tells me that *this* McDonalds is the only one with *Stroopwafel*.

Every Slut Could Be A Star: as much an affirmation as it is a threat, the soundtrack to the city. This is music in the literal sense only. Alex's voice comes through my earbuds as I peruse his internet footprint in general and his Spotify in particular. At least pertaining to his practice as an artist, Alex is prolific. The more time I spend with him the closer I come to the realization that none of this is an act. On our way to the Chelsea Square Diner I take a picture of him and he snatches my phone and sends the photo to himself so he can post it. He calls it a 'heist'. When everything matters, nothing is safe. Alex Bienstock keeps the stakes so low that to engage him is always guaranteed to be worth the price of admission. *Die In Your Shit* might be his best track. I'll find out if I ever finish it.

I'm not impressed by anything except your luck.

Art is whatever you can get away with. I ask him if he's ever read McLuhan and he says something about the shape of his own penis. Alex's art does not speak for itself. He says the bill is on him and I order a Chelsea burger. He asks me about my dick and I pretend to take a phone call. Inside the bathroom his penmanship graces the wall and I wonder what my odds are of sneaking past him. In a place like New York City, you need to really stand out to be noticed. If life were a stage, anything goes. The purpose of any idea that Alex brings up is to make space for the next idea. It doesn't matter what he is saying in the context of our discourse. *Substitute-object. Dummy data.* What really matters is that which he isn't saying, his supertextual, holistic performance. He is the human placeholder. He asks me nicely to receive his work with acclaim. I ask if we can take a break from the eye contact.

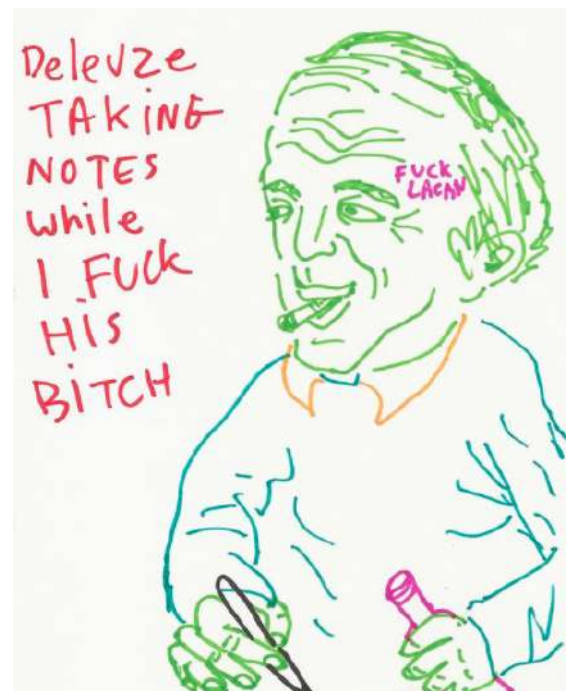




What does it take to make it as a cine-novelist in the Big Apple? Alex confides in me that he doesn't care what I think, but that he considers me a fun guy. Our relationship is his latest piece and it's an open air exhibition in Times Square. He works around the clock scribbling his graffiti on the walls of the internet. His signature tradecraft makes good effort of turning up those foul concepts and out of mind experiences.

You've already seen his work on Wikipedia, Urban Dictionary, Instagram, etc. He's made a point to leave no media unbesmirched. *Anti-celebrity. Edgemason.* He asks me again if I've read Laruelle, "Daily reminder, bro." I admit that the man makes me laugh. He wants to know what I would scrawl on the inside of my cave if I were a caveman. I imagine his kitchen walls to be covered in sticky spaghetti. In his notebook he doodles two Eyes of Providence sixtynining, in the margin: *Why are you reading this, the future is in between your legs!* We save our breath crossing back over the East River.

This world isn't such a far cry from the art history lectures and piano recitals of any modern academic scene. Alex puts on lipstick and kisses the back of his hand while comparing Foucault, who makes such obvious sense, to Derrida or worse yet Chomsky, who are incomprehensible. "He didn't just win. He made the other guy look sick." On our videochat he is revealed to be wearing a tuxedo shirt. I look over the city from the balcony of my hotel room and enjoy the comparative quietude. In the morning I have another listen to his discography and pick out a few gems like *D3dKuNt - How Bizzare*, a twisted trance track from a project formed with his friend Mike Intile, and *ESCBAS - Shorty gave me head on the weekend*. I know good toilet paper when I feel it (for the record, these are *not* recommendations). I hail a taxi and get dropped off back at the courthouse where I'm greeted by his attorney who leads me inside. After an hour or so I'm shuffled into a cold room where I sit before a long glass window that spans one of the walls. I remember Alex once saying that he intentionally dropped out of college for the experience. He is brought into the room on the other side of the glass, this time in orange, where he sits and faces me and we both pick up the phone.



Anonymous:

Recording. So like, what the hell, man?

Alex Bienstock:

Yo yo.

Anonymous:

I'm just gonna go ahead here, yeah? So you've been a fairly productive artist for a while now. How has the advent of social media influenced your work specifically within the context of live performance art?

Alex Bienstock:

My dick is crazy man. Sometimes it guides me into great places. Maybe I live for it. I love it, it feels great in my hands, like when its hot. I love how it's warm and then the cummies is hot too and feels good.

Anonymous:

[Laughing] What? Oh man. Okay. Tell me, what was your experience performing at the Queens Museum and how has the interruption of your artist's residency impacted your professional agenda?

Alex Bienstock:

I like to shake it around and feel its weight, its a pleasure machine. It feels so good when its in somewhere wet and then explodes with big bangs of ecstasy.

Anonymous:

Right, totally. So you've been known to eschew the conventional art scene, specifically turning down organized exhibitions and gallery perspectives. Do you consider yourself an iconoclast?

Alex Bienstock:

My balls are quite big and taste good, especially paired with my penis.

Anonymous:

In what ways has technology affected digital art within the scope of American anthropology through the lens of the current global pandemic?

Alex Bienstock:

My shaft is fun.

Anonymous:

Are you gonna do the whole interview about your dick? {Laughing} Please. So—I enjoyed the subtextual allegories of Phenomenology of the Spirit found in your book *The first man to eat ass was an aSStronaut*. What inspires you?

Alex Bienstock:

My cock has a beauty mark on it that likes to be kissed.

Anonymous:

Does your dick have a name?

Alex Bienstock:

Being soft isn't living.

Anonymous:

So do you like, have a job?

Alex Bienstock:

I want to be endlessly hard in a wet flesh pit.

Anonymous:

Seriously hey. Don't I look like an asshole. Upcoming shows?

Alex Bienstock:

I wanna dip my whole package in a strawberry milkshake.

Anonymous:

Okay man.

At this point Alex mumbles and shoots his fingergun at me and is led away and I'm asked to follow the guard outside. For more truly inspired bullshit check out www.AlexBienstock.com.

would you say your writing is
embedded within the alt lit
movement?

I'm definitely post-alt-lit. I'd say
I'm embedded in the post-cringe/
finance punk movement



PRO FILES

TELE PHONE SWITCHES

The nightclub is dark and its entrails are musky with the sweat of a thousand hipsters. Washington hipsters are bad, they're only slightly more insufferable than California hipsters, leagues behind Oregon. I cut a wide line around the throng and watch from the side. Rap concerts are generally shitty for a few reasons not the least of which is that most rappers suck live, and most rap shows involve way too many fucking rappers. I have no idea who the headlining act is. The club's name is either an umlaut or an ellipsis. I lean on someone and take a fresh breath of something. I pull a cigarette from my coat pocket and drop it. The lanterns dim and the curtains rise and when the rhythm drops we all fall down. There is no distinct spectacle, no impressive pyrotechnics. He's under a red spotlight in a white balaclava. He throws his hands at the crowd from the stage and spits in our faces, verse for verse, stopping to dunk on his hype man or drink from his waterbottle.

After the show I find my way to the green room. This isn't the first time I've seen Telly but it's a first for him. He laughs in my face when I introduce myself. "You don't *look* Anonymous...". Three years prior I caught him at a show in small town Canada.

Together we spend the next five hours driving back to that town in his twisted metal motorbus to the transcendent incantation of rap's greatest hits. I'm not exactly an expert but I have a good teacher. I tell him that my favorite rapper is Will Smith. He asks me to clarify by era.

We enjoy clouds all the way to the border where we cross the line notwithstanding our contrail of kush. He tells me that *this beast* costs fifty bucks an hour to drive. By the grace of God we make ourselves to a gas pump, "But it pays for itself." The bus has no windows and I can barely breath. There is a hole in floor at my feet. The generators behind us pitch and whine and the shrouded lamps collide as we draw ourselves vicariously by that little black perforation up the map, through the colored patches and alongside the nameplaces, climbing and filing and cambering awry. This is a country wholly unknown to me. Had I come here before? I don't recognize the language on the highway signs. He points to an enormous anthill. "Ancient burial ground." He asks me to pop the glove box and open the garage. A couple of twelve gauge shells fall past my lap and we pull into the barn and seal ourselves in.



Telephone Switches
Pastor Of The Church Of The Telephone

1 year ago

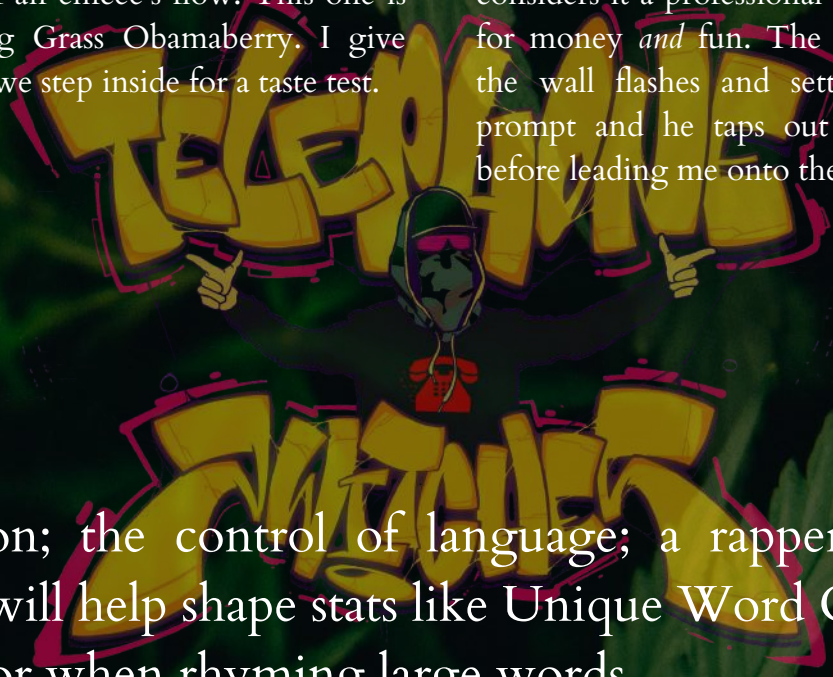
Hip-hop & Rap





Rappers love to keep score. Rapping is a matter of stats after all: who's got what? Any given criteria can be applied to greatness. My favorite part about the great debate is how subjective it is, but Telly has a way of using his razor to cut in some discipline. He leads me from the shed through the polymer doors into the greenhouse and we stop to smell the roses. Pink Crack, Fatty Cake, Deezbuster Nutsquad, he says he's not the one who names them, that the strains come with a documented genealogy. He says there are three primary components to the overall characteristic of an emcee's flow. This one is called Laughing Grass Obamaberry. I give him a nod and we step inside for a taste test.

It's not about industry or clout or necessarily culture even. He pulls up a satellite map of the Bronx projected onto a wall and hones in on the street. Rap is literary, it's applied poetry. He tells me the first true emcee ever was probably a guy named Bumpy and he points to some blotch on the wall and takes me on a virtual tour of his Eden. "Alfred E Smith. Shakedown nineteen seventynine. Coke and Herc. That or the Lightnin' Rod in Fort Greene." He tells me about the time he crashed *the 11201*. I try to discern the tattoos on his face without staring or asking. Telly considers it a professional sport. He's rapping for money *and* fun. The huge image across the wall flashes and settles on a terminal prompt and he taps out a few commands before leading me onto the range.

- 
1. Diction; the control of language; a rapper's verbiage. This will help shape stats like Unique Word Count and is a factor when rhyming large words.
 2. Wisdom; the control of intellect; a rapper's intelligence. This will determine what subjects are covered in the rap and can affect a rapper's lyrical profundity.
 3. Style; the combined control of mind and body; a rapper's wit. This component touches all aspects of poetry and is the most dynamic criteria.

The hot metal barely stays in my hands as the roar of our dual Kalashnikovs rattle and chuff and spark downrange off of some indistinct iron cutouts. Everything is saturated in yellow. The noise tapers and the air is still and he asks me if I know which country's flag bears the image of an AK-47. Through the intercom a woman's voice informs us that we are scheduled to eat. We make ourselves past the targets and their speckled plates, through the smell of gunsmoke. There's a sense of calm in his voice when he tells me that it's more fun with the ricochet and we drop our eye protection on a table and step through a door. During dinner he mentions that he used to rap in earnest about food, about school, about anything he could think of. He recites a poem from memory that he wrote as a child. He talks about the streets. There's something relaxing about the cadence of his voice, his broken meter, his constant holorimes and spoonerisms. He tells me that Shakespeare had more chain than Rick Ross. "Medieval drip. True story." After we've eaten it's onward yet to the lab but not before putting fire to our lips in the shade of an ornate alderwood. His eyes are a dark navy blue. I take a toke to the skull and follow him out, fire and wind in my wake.

Inside the vast skeleton of the warehouse long steel shelves chock the floor and stretch around the room unseen in the distant shade. Some several dozen cubicles line the walls to the far end populated by a small staff of clerks and administrators. Some are sitting at desks speaking into landlines, some are shuffling about or studying screens. Servers stack atop girders and form columns that separate the space into departments. The sounds of clicking and beeping and buzzing swells and

fills the room. A shipping bay rolls open. A forklift hums over the floor. I bask in the ambient racket while Telly circumnavigates the shop, shaking hands and nodding and laughing and looking over papers. The almost unnoticeable drone of muzak floats down from the iron rafters and the slowly spinning ceiling fans. Where am I again? I take the opportunity to wander and imagine myself in his shoes, on that stage in Seattle. He laughs a lot for somebody who takes it so seriously. Who in their right mind would actually claim to be a rapper in twentytwentysomething, year of the dead rapper, the scene having been declared legally deceased some apparently official amount of times by kingmakers and mumbleheads alike? What does it take to swim against a sea of emcees and keep your voice from drowning out? I step to the corner of a cubicle where a printer or a fax or a xerox is gushing out all black pages and letting them fall to the concrete.



In between the horns of the muzak an advertisement peppers the emerging commotion: *Flatrate robocalling? Custom cyberbullying? Whatever happens in the booth never stays in the booth.* A man with a badge has gotten the wrong impression of me and I've lost Telly in the fray. *Bespoke hacking? VoIP Proxy? Book your consultation today.* It doesn't matter, I'm one long Uber away from my bathtub. I make my escape by a fire exit stage left and find myself up a gully to the edge of an alabaster bluff, white with poplar seed and hard against the wind. The field below is knit in tight little rows. What does it take to render another rapper wack? I remember Telly saying that it is the intrinsic braggadocio expected of all rappers from which the audacity to spit venom on your enemy arises. "It's built in."

Telephone Switches:

Hey fucker. You're on the air.

Anonymous:

Hi. I've got my questions here. Can I just shoot?

Telephone Switches:

Shoot.

Anonymous:

Cool. So this is maybe a stupid question but I'm going to ask it anyway. Why do you rap?

Telephone Switches:

I can't help it. I've always loved the way that words form together. I went to like, eleven schools before I dropped out and some of the only passing grades I ever saw was in Language Arts [Laughing]. You know, when they let me write poetry and stuff.

Anonymous:

Language Arts, damn. I'd actually forgotten about that class. You've put in your time hopping trains and running the corner. Do you think that a hustle or that hard times are prerequisites for being a rapper?

I come to the rocky road by the garage where my tour began and hold my phone up to the sky, no service. Across the street a payphone decked out in graffiti taunts me. At my feet a couple of shotgun shells lie in the dirt. I've ducked out of worse.

On my way back to the coast (and for the foreseeable future) my mobile phone is only useful for learning new and interesting *cat facts* every sixty seconds. I suppose I've made a new frenemy. Back at home I slip into something more comfortable and discover an old Motorola pager in my coat pocket. My cigarettes are gone. The digital display reads *LOLOLOLOLOLOL*. I let the warm water breach my ears as the ringing sound chimes through the hollow reverberation of the tub. I lift myself and touch the little green button.

Telephone Switches:

You know, I think everyone has a story. I've learned over the years to keep quiet about my past a bit cause I was like, bumping shoulders with people who I thought would understand it a bit? But it turns out that lots of people who think it's cool or whatever are actually like, a bit nervous around me or something [Laughing] They're like '*oh shit*'. I don't think hard times or hustle is necessary really. To being a rapper I mean. Rap has always been the rhythm of the street. So I guess hustlin and running from police and shit just come into it naturally. But rap man. Rhythm and poetry. A beat and a poem.

Anonymous:

Solid. You've been involved in a wide variety of projects across a spectrum of scenes. What sets the rap scene apart?

Telephone Switches:

It doesn't need a melody? [Laughing] I mean, I love sick melodies and harmonies and shit but just like pure raw words is so powerful. You know the scene in every town is always like, its own thing. I remember being a young kid sitting against the McDonalds at Queen and Spadina in the Six and listening to the cyphers man... I was always too busy trying to make money to jump in though. [Laughing and clearing his throat]

Anonymous:

[Laughing] Oh yeah? You rep the T.dot?

Telephone Switches:

Occasionally.

Anonymous:

Rap's relationship with anonymity is somewhat of a novel motif. At the Washington show there were comparisons to Spark Master Tape, Adlib, even Gorillaz. Why do you wear the mask?

Telephone Switches:

[Silence]

I have a pretty heavy social phobia dude. I mean [Laughing]. It's comforting to me to just be like, a vessel for poems. No strings attached. I go into the green room and change and then like, walk out into the club and sit in the back. [Laughing] Hope nobody comes over and talks to me right?

Anonymous:

How do you feel about rappers that employ ghostwriters?

Telephone Switches:

Uhm. I guess to each their own and shit. I think it's cool to bump your homie's bars or whatever. I think that paying a writer to pen your songs tho its pretty shitty. Like fuckin pop music shit. Put the handsome fella up there on the stage and hope he can remember some other dude's rhymes [Laughing].

Anonymous:

Fair enough. There are whispers of an underground rap feud between you and an unspecified crew out east. Do you have any beef?

Telephone Switches:

Well [Silence]...

The beef you're talking about is old beef. But that set the bar like, what beef really means. I have drama now. With snitches or whatever. But it's like, not beef, you know? Beef to me is like, war. Uhh. It's like fuck around and find out shit. I haven't seen shit like that for a bunch of years. It made me ready though. Always be prepared [Laughing]. Scouts honor or whatever.

Anonymous:

Cool we can leave it at that. Do you have any advice for aspiring rappers?

Telephone Switches:

You go hard fam. Try your hardest. Put yourself out there. Hustle and work hard. And just hope to God you don't run into me in a battle, homie. Respect, kid. Or get punchlined [Laughing].

Anonymous:

Shortlist selections for the GOAT? Nominees for current MVP?

Telephone Switches:

Tough questions, buddy [Laughing].

I would say, greatest of all time? Man. I would have to say the late villain MR DOOM, may he rest in poetry I don't think there is another greatest really. I could name names all day. But not the greatest.

For MVP? I dunno man. Like. I've been keeping an eye on that dude Despot or whatever from Queens. He's got quite the flow. Everyone has been waiting for like ten years for his album to drop [Phone ringing]. Sorry hang on. Hey thanks.

Anonymous:

No sweat. So what's next for you?

Telephone Switches:

Well Covid's got me all fucked up for shows and shit. But I'm recording an EP with legendary producer Moka Only right now. So I'm pretty pumped on that. So watch out for that shit to drop. [Laughing] Gonna have a guest or two also spittin on the track. Do you know Alt F7? Anyway he's phonegang. Me and Alty got a drop track together. Were gonna record a secret video...[Laughing] At an undisclosed location. Just gotta wait for the flowers to bloom, you know?

Anonymous:


No, I have no idea what you're talking about. Oh wait yes. Now I get it. Welp, that's it buddy. Thanks for the chat. I appreciate your time.

Telephone Switches:

Sure man. Peace.

Check out Telephone Switches on Soundcloud, Bandcamp, YouTube, and more.

TelephoneSwitches.com



Can I jion it colt?

Can I jion it colt?

Ur cult**

EMILY, PUBLIC RELATIONS FOR

DAY

PRO

LIFE

PHILES

ARMY



Hey Ryan. So... ut's the Apocalypse. Whut ya been up to? You gonna go back to being a DJ after this? Gonna keep making art, trying to be a rapper, fighting for social justice, and having depressing sex with strangers via Tindr?

And well, I hate tu ask now but how r your drug and alcohol addictions going? 33 Or maybe you've always liked to huff duster at home.. alone. Maybe you're one of thu many just hoping, once everything 'gets back to normal', that career's gonna pan out and I mean, they can't keep schuul closed forever right? Maybe you can finally get that degree...

I am writing to tell u NAAH, nope, no way. Y'RE FUCKED. You know ur fucked. That shits fucking over. And even if it wasn't over, would you really want shit to go back to what it was? Your life fucking sucked. OBJECTIVELY. Hitting bottom is a literal blessing.

And I kno all thus cuz I used to b JUST LIKE U. My life sucked. I had nothing tu lose, so I joined the Daylife Army. I submitted to General KoA, and I submitted to take whatever orders the universe had for me. I hit my bottom, and pierced the veil and continued to fall all thu way through.. to the other side.

And now I'm your fully realized escape door. I am here to pull you out of the burning building you've paid rent on, every day of your life. You're fortunate as fuck to know me. In fact, it's the greatest miracle u've ever experienced and like anything that comes into your life that feels this fucking crazy, you now have a decision to make..

Listen tu my words and I will show you the path of Grace, and the easiest job u will evur hate. The road to your divine birth-rite and out of your fight to nearly survive. U will fall out of the PainMatrix, and into the PleasureMatrux.

Thys is the last time u will get thys opportunity. It will never b cheaper and still it's going to cost u everything u have. I'm gonna tell you what to do, and you're gonna fucking do it. That is the blessing that I, Daylife Jesus, the Black Horseman of the Apocalypse, offers you.

U will start by washing the filthy disgusting life you've been living. Wash your skills. Wash your assets. Wash your ego. Wash your money that is covered in blood. Wash it all. And see if your soul doesnt come rushing back to meet you.

Or don't and try to go back to living like an insect. The hive won't be there for ya, little bug. Oh, and I kill cockroaches.. with prejudice.

So how bout it, are you ready to buy your soul back?

Majur D'Jesus
DayLife Army
Spring 0020

3:01 AM

How's your Apocalypse coming along, Ryan? Have you posted your Set-aphilic black square yet? Last time "we spoke" I grossly mischaracterized you as a depression riddled DJ having meaningless anonymous sex off duster. You were like, NO, SIR THAT'S NOT ME! I'M HAPPY.. that still you? Are you still claiming to be happy, self determined and thriving?? I'm gonna go out on a limb here and take it your life has only gotten worse and ur denial reflexes stronger in the last month, cause yea, it's still the Apocalypse, and well though cockroaches are real survivors, it doesn't mean they don't live in filth.

So enough about you and your ever spiraling trauma life. Let's talk about me, your savior, Daylife Jesus. Thu Word and thu Light. King of Kings, Lord of Lords. YEA. All that guud shit. And you're so right, you got me. all the dirt, all thu hearsay. Let me clarify a few things though, as you seem to be missing some data points.

My dad, u know that OG cuck — Joseph, is the Chairman of the Board of the Ayn Rand Institute and he goes live a whole lot more than I have to. I was a hotshot A&R douchebag in the music industry, the most Satanic, CIA controlled, industry on the planet (well next to Hollywood), and yea Yung Lean murdered my friend and business partner Barron Machat through a Satanic Blood Ritual. And I myself wasa total junky nympho, a poor little rich kid just. like. you. Except now I am not like you at all.. Now I'm an apparently quite 'competent' officur in a military cult, in which I have washed all my money, all my belief and all my clout in service tu THU Black woman. Thu Black woman that's right on time to take under your miserable planet—General KoA.

I'll admit it, my bro Satan has got you fucked all thu way up. It's impressive, to say thu least. And because I would be remiss not to mention it here, on thu record — Thu fuckin pedophilic circus that is popular culture continues to safely protect thu child sacrifice and melanin harvesting departments of thu RapeMatrix you call home, in a hard to acknowledge suit of despicable shit. The bodies of babies, children, teens and the melanated (and their attendant parts) have been, and are being traded by thu actors, musicians, politicians and business people that hold you all in thrall. Yes, all the ones you trust and love. And all you can shout in thu face of thys terrifying reality is 'defund thu police'. Go ahead stand right there, with your hands all thu way out for thu fake reparations and stimulus support, which are most certainly on their way, just as soon as Powell finishes printing off anothur \$7 trill for thu fat cats you can't even name.

And let me tell you, this is only
th^u FIRST QUARTER, you aren't
even half way through yet!
Meanwhile, I'm over here
shorting last cap, and turning
out the Whore of Babylon.
Timelines are diverging people
and it's up to you whether you
get on board with the
PleasureMatrux, built on
standurds that keep the baby-
eaters outside our gates, OR
continue going in lifetime
revolutions on the cyclical
PainMatrux wheel of
misfortune, and its (I'll say it
clearly, so it really reverberates
through your skull) Ritual Sex
Abuse Child and Melanin
Harvest Death Cult. If you are
indeed sick of being a cuck to
th^u murder/rape machine that
manufactures your every
moment, listen very closely now.

Last time we spoke, you felt like
I didn't really know you, that I
got you all wrong. I didn't, but
since you went blind with denial
over it, you also managed to
miss that WASHING isn't about
your worthless ass money. What
does Th^u Messiah even need
money for? Also though, what
does D'Jesus have to lose
explaining these things to those
made spiritually retarded
through so many millstones
round their necks? Answer:
Nothing. Here I will be painfully
clear on what each and every
one of you marginalized,
disenfranchised and pathetic
sods will do to repent, and pay
your own damn price for your
Soul, and with it, entrance to th^u
PleasureMatrux. I'm not dying
for you thys round, and if you're
not going to do so yourself, this
is what's required. *Hint - it'll
only cost everything you have,
so you might as well get started
harvesting that jumbo size ego
right th^u fuck now.



SJWs- you first, GIVE UP.
Renounce the CIA circlejerk
you've been getting off on.
Accept that you've been doing
the bidding of white supremacy
the whole time. Say the word
"retarded" on ur social media a
couple times to get it out of ur
system, and chant "George
Soros" 3 times in the mirror
everyday upon waking.
WASH YOUR TRUTH AND
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOUR
PITIFUL LIES.

WHYTE WOMEN - stop
pretending like you don't control
the whole goddamn world and
that you aren't the reason this
toxic white supremacist
patriarchy exists. You are. Get
into it, and over it, at the same
goddamn time. Th^u world will
give you everything you want if
you just demand it. Demand it,
and then WASH IT ALL.

ALT-RIGHTERS - get off /pol/,
admit you are in love with all the
minorities you' are so
disappointed in, see how either
option is actually pretty creepy,
clean your fucking room, take a
shower and shave your
neckbeard, and WASH THAT
gotta b hoarse af by now VOICE
you treasure so.

RAPPERS - delete your
soundcloud, get off pain pills,
stop making music, stop
watching anime, girls wanna
fuck guys who put their real
names on facebook, WASH
WHUT'S LEFT OF YOUR
DIGNITY.

CLOWNS - wipe off that
ridiculous makeup, forgive
yourself for your horrible stick
and pokes, stop editing your
photos, WASH YOUR
'CREATIVITY' and get normie for
two fuckinnn seconds

JUNKIES - time to kick, it's
gonna be harder and harder by
the day to get that fix, and they
are already doing less and less
for you. Replace it with an equal
passion for living your fucking
life. WASH TH^U CASH AND
THAT SCRAPPY INGENUITYyou
used to spend on scoring, INTO
th^u BELIEF a new reality
requires.

CRUSTIES - take a fucking
shower and buy some new
white clothes at Walmart, call
your parents, tell them you're
done pretending to be down,
and need access to your trust
fund NOW. Then guess what you
are gonna do..? Say it with me -
wAaSh IT aLIll

5%ERS and 'HOTEPS' -
recognize your potential for
spiritual mastery, and actually
fucking use it. Stop being afraid
of losing your tribe and start
harnessing your cults. Stop
being afraid of what Feminine
power can do, and learn to turn
it out for mass Pleasure. WASH
YOUR WOKENESS

MUSLIM COMICS - Stop
pandering to Whyte supremacy,
recognize Azealia Banks never
lied to Zayn cuz THEY DON'T
LOVE YOU, THUY JUST KNOW
HOW TO USE YOU. Stop trying
to be 'amusing' while speaking
truth to power, and just WASH
ALL YOUR STUPID CLOUT
ALREADY.

COMMUNIST BBY GURLS - shut
up for two fucking seconds and
recognize you dont give a fuck
about the proletariat, you are a
cult leader, WASH YOUR
BRAINWASHED FOLLOWURS for
your sake and theirs.

CHAOS MAGICIANS - stop
sucking Alleister Crowleys
dilettante trust fund dick, no
your seances and sigils will not
stop the baby eaters and
cannibals, who do what you do
BETTER, so take your affinity for
the other realms and yr
knowledge of brick laying, and
WASH IT MOTHURFUKIN ALL.

ARTF*Gs - STOP MAKING ART
YOU FUCKING COWARDS, YOU
ARENT CHANGING ANYTHING.
Wash everyone you know thats
self medicating with a fucking
PAINTbrush into living their
goddamn lives.

INCELS/MRAs - stop watching
Pickup videos, recognize that
it's men that have stopped
acting like fucking men, stop
victimizing yourself, wash that
RAGE

BPD BBs - stop self diagnosing,
stop talking about yourself,
WASH YOUR LOUD ASS MOUTH.
see what stillness can do for
you.

Ops - not too late to be a
turncoat. Military Untelligence is
the nu MI, we pay better, and
dont eat babies. I am your
Father, come to the Light side.
WASH THUT NLP ALREADY.

TRUST FUNDERS - your monuy
is killing you and your seed. call
your fucking parents, tell them
you know bettur.. and WASH
YOUR INHERITENCE NOW.

SEX WORKURS - DELETE YOUR OnlyFans, and turn all your clients into benefactors for your PleasureMatrux glowup. WASH IT ALL because thu son of God didn't come here to let whores deny him.

CRISIS ACTORS - chill the fuck out, tell the truth, its ok theres plenty of attention to go around. Ask for it, WASH THUT LESS THAN ATTRACTIVE VULNERABILITY.

WEEBOOS - stop learning Japanese, no more creepy pedophilic anime profile pics, WASH ACTING YOUR FUCKING AGE..

Furries - imagine a world where you dont have to dress up as a dog to get off, WASH HELPING ME BUILD THAT WORLD, and sure you'll probably still get to wear a fursuit cause who the fuck cares

WHYTE SUPREMACISTS -and just like DJs thys is ALL of you. Literally stop everything you are doing. It's all White Supremacy. but to the more militant and extremist of you, recognize that you probably just want to date a Black person. Let go of all the other bullshit and just start talking about it. WASH YOUR INABILITY TO SHAMELESSLY DESYRE.

CONSPIRACY BROTS AND THOTS - yes the earth is flat, the world is run by a Kabal, fluoride is used to calcify your pineal gland, chemtrails are real, and Stevie Wonder isn't blind. WASH DOING SOMETHUNG ABOUT IT you fucking pussies.

WOOKIES - shave your dreads off, take a shower, wear all white, JOIN DAYHEADS

NEOLIBS - Hillary Clinton eats babies and puppies. WASH TALKING ABOUT THAT to your suburru driving, northface wearing, dog enslaving community

NEW AGER- (see wookie), WASH ALL THUT MONUY YOU PRETEND YOU ARE TOO ENLIGHTENED TU HAVE.

TRANS - you are the gender you identify as, stop trying to prove it to everyone. Prioritize transitioning into a matrix where you aren't just fetishized objects, above getting dangerous surgeries. And WASH EVERY BIT OF THAT TRANSITION bruh.

YORUBIC WANNABE CRIMINALS - your religion is fucking broke, wash ur effective voodoo powers into creating a place for your people that doesnt drooolingly obsess over the past, Archaic Revivul is officially over - WASH THUT FUTURE

FRAT BROS- drop out, stop your path towards masonic white supremacy in its tracks, take your tuition money and wash it all, JOIN THU FUCKING DAYHEADS, get laid and still get paid.

FIN BROS- if you get money, it's time to just admit that it isnt fucking real. SELL SELL SELL your meager shoe buying, Rolex fronting, caviar ordering, Patrick Bateman cock swallowing existence and BUY BUY BUY BACK YOUR SOUL.

WAGE SLAVES - you probably lost your job. continue sitting in those fucking feelings. Wash what comes up out of them. If you didn't lose your job, consider if JOINING DAYLIFE ARMY isn't a better use of your ass hella board time.

PICK MEs - you wont get picked, realize that. WASH YOUR WILLINGNUSS TO JUST FOLLOW ORDURS Time to and I'll pick you.

PREPPERS - you were right, the Apocalypse is here, but not as you imagined it. Time to turn your fear of the end, into fantasies of the beginning. WASH ALL YOUR STUPID STUFF

TERFs - get rid of the bangs, you are not a victim, (see whyte women)

NON-BINARIES - WASH MAKING A FUKN CHOICE.. any fuckin choice.

ARAB FUCKBOYZ - WASH those LAMBOS, all YOUR SUPREME, AND ALL THUT FILTHY LUCRE, theres plenty of meaning and well i'll say it, Whyte women, on the other side

JUWS -admit you run the world, stop fucking whining, wash your fake victimhood, and WASH ALL that blankly ignorant INSTITUTIONAL POWER. And if you just know you are a fake juw.. just wash that con.

CHRISTF*GS - stop fetishizing the crucifixion you sado-masochistic fucks. Read the Book of Revelation again, and come follow me, the second coming. WASH YOUR NEW FOUND FAITH.

THU WHYTE GAYS - yall are not evolved, mostly just racist. WASH YOUR POWER. And I mean, all of it.u been hoarding.



Well, thats it. Did I properly identify enough of your parts, or is thu Christ known for being a terrible judge of character?? Regardless, I can comfortably assert that if you stay doing what you've been doing, you are still aiding and abetting the cannibalistic death cult that nurtured you when you didn't yet know my name.. Ask me how to wash what you have, and you will be on your way to a much more satisfying, contentment filled timeline. And I want you to remember that thu Christ looks like thu antiChrist and thu antiChrist thu Christ these days *shrugimoji. Just that kind of this dimension loves to pull.

And big congratulations are due to you who washed the first time, and those that choose thys round to make their move. The story will continue to unfold for you from here. Read up, it ends with the best kind of party -a wedding feast fuck ya..

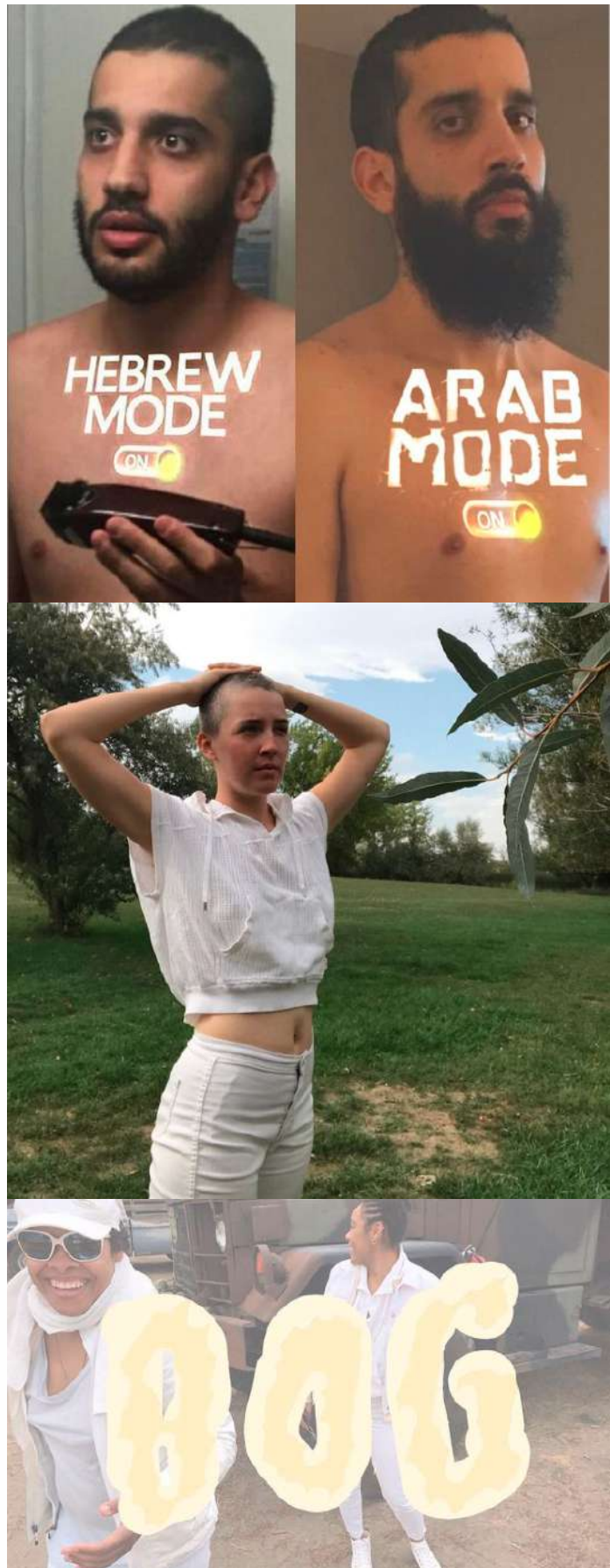
To those who didn't wash and continue to ignore my words, next time you hear from me will be the last. Let thys short period be spent deep divung, if you know what I mean.

Stay Tumble out there.

Daylife Jesus
Thu Black Horsemun
Majur in the Daylife Army

Cults. You're already in one.

The only time I ever joined a cult, I was decidedly *not* playing for keeps. I doubt that I ever actually *really* joined its ranks, at least according to the cult leaders. Maybe I was an orbiter, which is a type of follower. I joined for style, for *lifestyle*, so I could say stuff like, “Yeah man, you think you’re fucked up?” I probably was looking for an excuse to be interesting, which I’m not. *Cult*, the root of culture, means to grow. Did I? Maybe I couldn’t help but mutate. I wore all white because it was supposed to help me be more careful, more considerate, more decisive. I went through clothing to blood and bile and learned to tumble with a little more grace but I was not careful. I did not care. I did not listen to my cult leaders. I did not stay true to the orders that I was given, to the promises that I had made. I dug in my heels and I disrespected my elders and I lost my position and my momentum and soon I lost my business and my home and finally my mind. I started smoking crack rocks and eventually fentanyl. My white clothes were stained. I was stained. I had a dream of somebody that I loved during this time but I’ve woken up and forgotten most of it. One night an angel pushed me back to earth after I’d fallen off. I crawled myself out and founded this shitty magazine and moved back to the farm. Here I am. I still wear white.



When I first came into contact with the Daylife Army, it was morphing, expanding, and although its influence has changed shape over its lifespan, this was a period of especially heavyhanded clout bombing. Nobody did it better than Buum. He was the bubblegum pop-philosopher I had been waiting to follow. He would bounce the nuttiest shit off of these other weirdos. They would show up wearing all white. I remember the day that I learned they were a cult with stars in my eyes and hearts over my head. I would spend the outset of my lonely journey finding my home in Vancouver to the untempered dogma of Buum's social media, taking calls and donating nonzero scraps of bitcoin to his cult. He wasn't the leader, just the centerpiece, the knight sweeping pieces for his queen. I had not seen shit like this before. I wanted to get weird but I wasn't committed to being somebody. *Validate your damn self.* I wanted to pretend to be someone who really needed a cult. I wanted an easy way to tell people, "I'm not like other girls." I was a basic bitch and being cute was cooler to me than being cool so when they commanded me to cut my hair and turn over my money I threw a tantrum. Most cults are hard to leave. They didn't even miss me. I denied regretting that for a long time. I regretted denying it for even longer maybe. I wanted to steal what they were selling. And to their credit, they always gave me the chance to buy my way back in.

BODY
IS
TIME

CANCEL
YOUR
SELF

Cool I'll be waiting lol. What do I half to do to get into your all white crew??? Y'all be reppin the streets 🤖



GIVE
YRSULF
THU
OPPOR
TUNITY

BEG
THU
TEIND

Blocked contacts will no longer be able to call you or send you messages.

Block

Cancel

Until now. Daylife Army has changed shape. There is required reading here. They have shrunk to escape through tiny holes in the wall like mice from a barn fire. There are history lessons. They have inflated to fill up space and push others out. They are open about being a cult. *Not an art project. Not a club. Not a movement. Not a democracy.* To be honest the real story of Daylife Army, the cult, is beyond the scope of this article, but for the benefit of my readers I will also keep from detailing my own associations with too much insight. Buum has escaped, some others perhaps as well. His account is harrowing and I've helped myself to his advice regarding this cult since, but I will admit that he was more accessible while he was a slave. I respect Buum very much, and he has mentioned the evils rooting below Daylife, to the media, to me. I don't disagree. I've tolerated, even enjoyed much of the abuse they subjected me to. I don't envy his experience.

And I don't wish to lose myself here in order to gain myself somewhere else, not for them, not yet. But something compels me to wash myself, to wash my intentions. Something draws me into their dark and sordid spider's web. Maybe it is because I want to be a human shield. Maybe it is the same dark gravity that makes me want to fight for the nazis, or jump off a bridge. They know that I have something to spend. They know that I haven't put myself together yet. At this point in my life, living on the farm, I am healing, and although I'm far from the cult, the more I learn to love myself, the more I feel like submitting myself to their torture. Perhaps it is true that somewhere inside the nucleus of this organization there is love, for me by me, for others by others, I do not know. I no longer know whether they are willing to accept absolutely everything I have in exchange for a chance to serve them. I'm pretty sure all they're really looking for is an exhibition of self-sacrifice, but I've never been brave enough to really fight, not in the way they want me to. I called them anyway and they were willing to let me fly out and see them under the condition that I cut my hair and keep from adulterating their words.

My trip to Florida and the subsequent flailing about that I've achieved on behalf of my more audacious self has not served me for the purpose of writing this article. My readers have noticed that this has been more about me than any cult. I am the only cult member that I still have the respect of, maybe. Emily has been my contact inside Daylife for a little while now. She speaks softly to me when we talk on the phone and she sometimes lets me try to flirt with her. She has always been very kind though I doubt she admires me for my character. While I was there she refused to see me in person until I followed through on the first half of my promise. She knew that I knew that she knew that I wasn't going to cut my stupid fucking hair, so I spent some time at the beach and tried to remember all of the times that I ended up playing myself. At the airport she accepted my call and agreed to an interview over email. Once again all I had done was expose myself as a thief and a liar. Maybe one day they'll let me die for them, for a mind is a terrible thing to waste.

Wash it all.

Anonymous:

How is your daily? How are you enjoying the devil's long awaited return to earth?

Emily:

My daily is very structured. The devil never left as anyone who's ever woken up the morning after hooking up with their ex in a pile of dogshit with a ketamine hangover can attest. Antichrist is doing a bangup job.

Anonymous:

Why do you wear white?

Emily:

So you can see that you've woken up in a pile of dogshit, or not.

Anonymous:

I read some shit online. Does DLA traffic children and sexually abuse its members?

Emily:

We deal with spiritual and emotional children almost constantly, we are usually unable to make them budge.

Anonymous:

What is the primary ethos of DLA? What paradigms for utopia does DLA envision?

Emily:

Our primary audience are those seeking to survive Revelation. Utopia is for those who do so cheerfully.

Anonymous:

How has your life changed after joining DLA?

Emily:

Well, before DLA I was a vegan, alcoholic, pothead hooker. Now I just lie.

Anonymous:

What is your specific role within the cult?

Emily:

I'm Pretty Ret*rded, so I do PR.

Anonymous:

I think I saw the footage of you crashing the Ferrari in Daytona Beach. How did that feel?

Emily:

As a Whyte woman, I felt alive for the first time in my life.

Anonymous:

What does it feel like to be free?

Emily:

I joined a cult to make sure I would never know.

Anonymous:

Where do you see the world when you look forward?

Emily:

As flat as the eye can see.

Anonymous:

Do you have any specific upcoming projects, plans or prophecies?

Emily:

Sure bro, watch the water.

Anonymous:

Is your cult accepting members? If so, how can I join?

Emily:

Fuck no.

DayLife Army Press List:

Telegram:

<https://t.me/KoaURL>
<https://t.me/Sacred100F>
<https://t.me/DayLifeArmy>
<https://t.me/Buttur>

Twitter:

<https://twitter.com/GeneralKoA>
<https://twitter.com/JesusoofDaylife>
<https://twitter.com/DaylifeArmy>
<https://twitter.com/muutstumble>
<https://twitter.com/realcultgirl>
<https://twitter.com/Sacred100f>
<https://twitter.com/PleasureMatrux>

Instagram:

<https://www.instagram.com/h8lifearmy/>
<https://www.instagram.com/muutstumble>
<https://www.instagram.com/PleasureMatrux>
<https://www.instagram.com/JesusoofDaylife>
<https://www.instagram.com/daylifemary>



DayLife Army Youtube Channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC-FRWR4c3pH70oebM1aC8UQ>

Medium Blog Posts:

www.medium.com/@daDaylifeArmy – Mediumylifearmy

External Media:

<https://onezero.medium.com/inside-the-social-media-cult-that-convinces-young-people-to-give-up-everything-f3878fbec632>

<https://www.dailymail.co.uk/femail/article-8457485/Man-joined-social-media-cult-forced-sex-guy-drink-leaders-semen.html>

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<https://korii.slate.fr/et-caetera/etats-unis-daylife-army-tumble-secte-gourous-reseaux-sociaux-recrutement-adepte-facebook-tinder-grindr>

Podcasts:

Cult Podcast

Episode 175-177

<https://www.iheart.com/podcast/256-cult-podcast-31112671/episode/ep-175-daylife-army-mando-ruins-79665375/>

Night Call

<https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/116-the-fireworks-conspiracy-fireworks-spectacular/id1342254154?i=1000480138128>

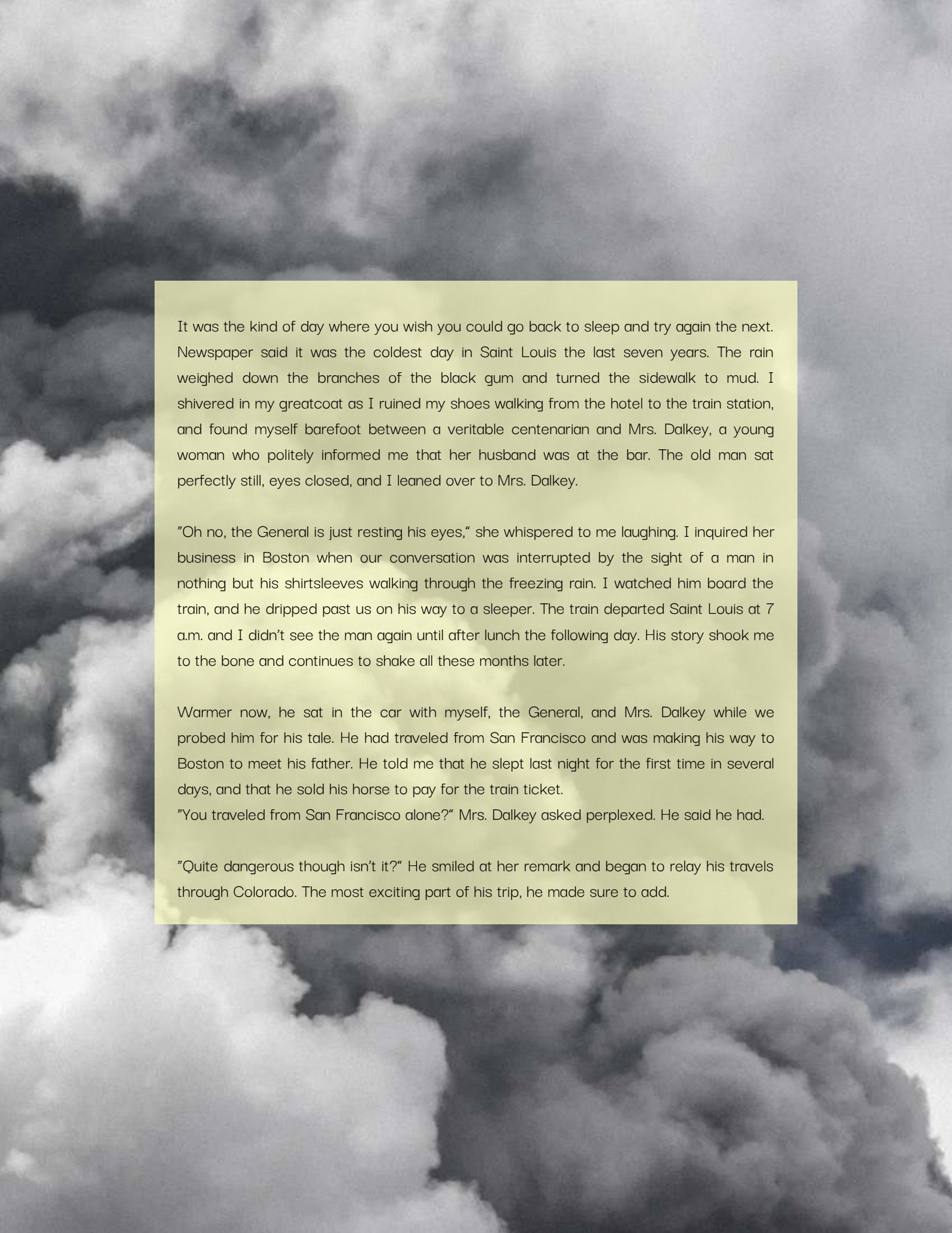
Junkhead Pod

<https://anchor.fm/junkhead-pod/episodes/13---fucc-thu-daylife-army-ek02lo>



20.

The Train to Boston



It was the kind of day where you wish you could go back to sleep and try again the next. Newspaper said it was the coldest day in Saint Louis the last seven years. The rain weighed down the branches of the black gum and turned the sidewalk to mud. I shivered in my greatcoat as I ruined my shoes walking from the hotel to the train station, and found myself barefoot between a veritable centenarian and Mrs. Dalkey, a young woman who politely informed me that her husband was at the bar. The old man sat perfectly still, eyes closed, and I leaned over to Mrs. Dalkey.

"Oh no, the General is just resting his eyes," she whispered to me laughing. I inquired her business in Boston when our conversation was interrupted by the sight of a man in nothing but his shirtsleeves walking through the freezing rain. I watched him board the train, and he dripped past us on his way to a sleeper. The train departed Saint Louis at 7 a.m. and I didn't see the man again until after lunch the following day. His story shook me to the bone and continues to shake all these months later.

Warmer now, he sat in the car with myself, the General, and Mrs. Dalkey while we probed him for his tale. He had traveled from San Francisco and was making his way to Boston to meet his father. He told me that he slept last night for the first time in several days, and that he sold his horse to pay for the train ticket.

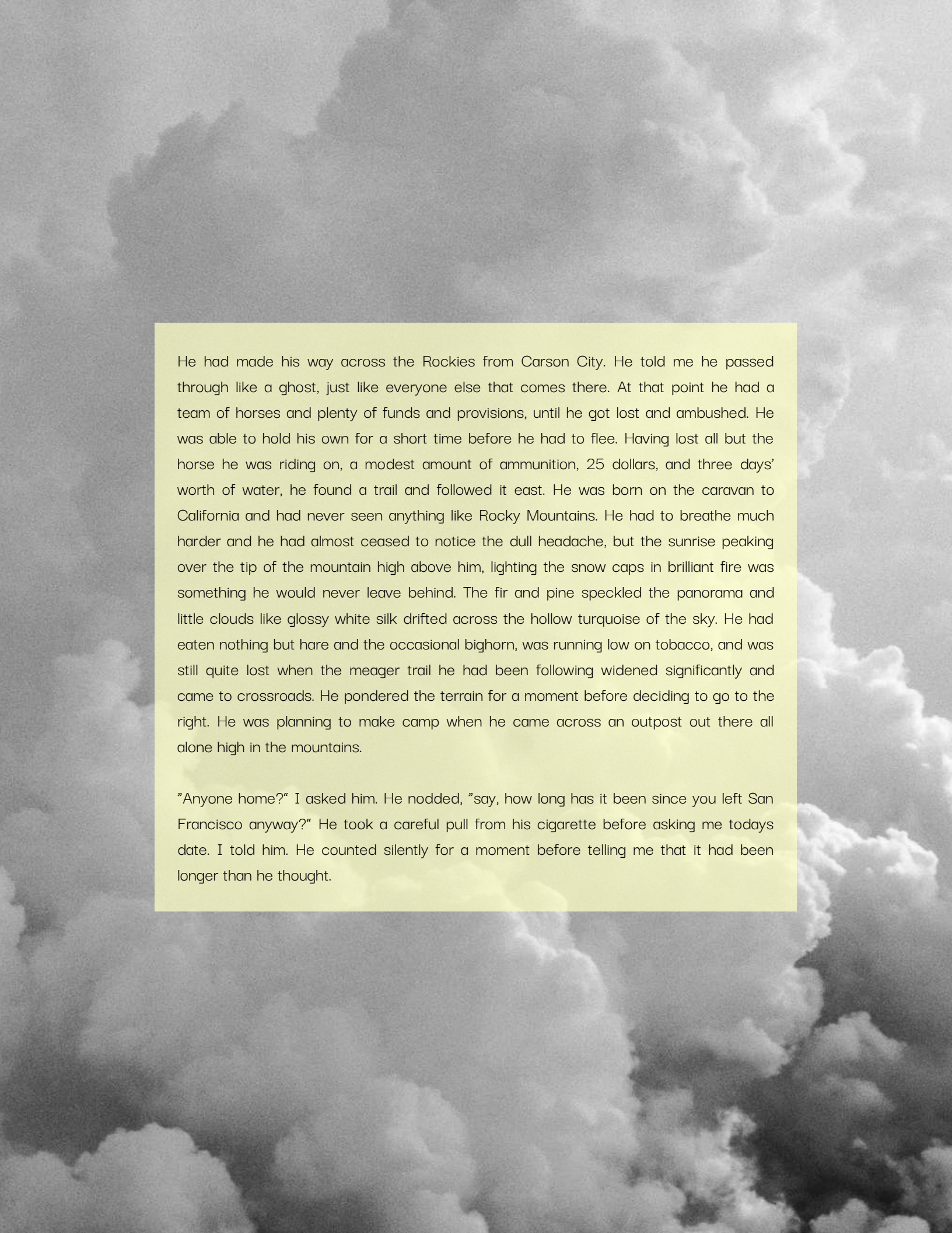
"You traveled from San Francisco alone?" Mrs. Dalkey asked perplexed. He said he had.

"Quite dangerous though isn't it?" He smiled at her remark and began to relay his travels through Colorado. The most exciting part of his trip, he made sure to add.

Slapping the nates of the horse he was riding, he pushed her forward through the shrieks and howls that chased close behind. He kept in the base of the valley for the speed the flat footing gave him, but he knew he wouldn't be able to keep it up for much longer. The injuns were much better jockeys than he. The tree branch was picked with care by a woman with discerning eyes, and brought back to camp in a bundle. Whittled down to perfect shape and form, a point was fitted to the end of it. It had traveled on the back of the rider for the past three days, traversing countless miles and experiencing the world around it to culminate in being roughly handled by the rider, fitted tightly against the string, and buried deep into his shoulder. He winced and broke it off, then dropped it behind him. The riders' horses trampled it underfoot as they continued to pursue him. The arroyo split ahead of him and guided his horse to the right up the path that graded upward. His only hope was to make it out of the canyon and into a wood. He told me of the fear that iced his veins and the steely focus that he had never had fore or since. Another arrow flew past him. As he climbed out of the riverbed the riders behind him began to catch up. He turned in his saddle and began to aim his sidearm, allowing the injuns to get a little closer. An arrow pierced him mid-thigh. He flinched then steadied and pulled the trigger and the brains of a horse behind him wetting its rider were followed quickly by the peal of the weapon. The second rider turned back to his fallen partner and he was able to ride away to safety, continuing to climb the mountain before him.

"But why were the natives chasing you?" Mrs. Dalkey asked him eyes wide as he sat now silently smoking. The General turned his head, keeping his eyes closed, "Comanche?" he asked, one eye open toward him. Seeing a nod he continued with a wide smile, "them niggers don't need a damn reason."

"Well this is all just too much for me," getting up, "excuse me please, gentlemen," heading toward the dining car. The General and I stood while he continued to ponder his cigarette, and he continued with his story once we sat back down.



He had made his way across the Rockies from Carson City. He told me he passed through like a ghost, just like everyone else that comes there. At that point he had a team of horses and plenty of funds and provisions, until he got lost and ambushed. He was able to hold his own for a short time before he had to flee. Having lost all but the horse he was riding on, a modest amount of ammunition, 25 dollars, and three days' worth of water, he found a trail and followed it east. He was born on the caravan to California and had never seen anything like Rocky Mountains. He had to breathe much harder and he had almost ceased to notice the dull headache, but the sunrise peaking over the tip of the mountain high above him, lighting the snow caps in brilliant fire was something he would never leave behind. The fir and pine speckled the panorama and little clouds like glossy white silk drifted across the hollow turquoise of the sky. He had eaten nothing but hare and the occasional bighorn, was running low on tobacco, and was still quite lost when the meager trail he had been following widened significantly and came to crossroads. He pondered the terrain for a moment before deciding to go to the right. He was planning to make camp when he came across an outpost out there all alone high in the mountains.

"Anyone home?" I asked him. He nodded, "say, how long has it been since you left San Francisco anyway?" He took a careful pull from his cigarette before asking me today's date. I told him. He counted silently for a moment before telling me that it had been longer than he thought.



& by /lit/

& is a collaborative effort made by strangers over the internet.

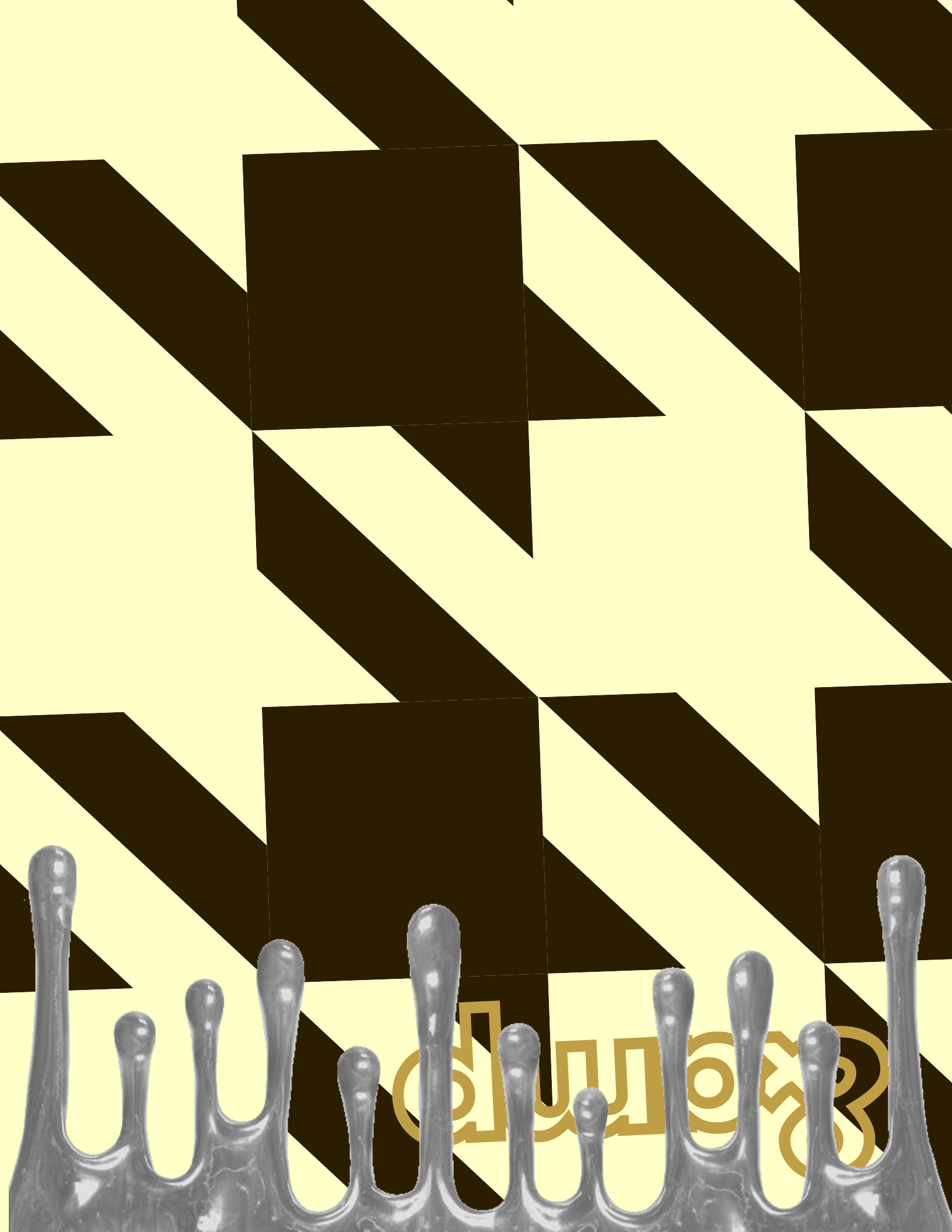
Special Thanks To:

PERMANENT PRUSH TARA THE CREATOR

THERE ARE OTHERS Loren

/lit/ for being patient

elwiz



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